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THE
CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.



THE
CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER,
h O F
DERHAM-DOWN;

O R
SKETCHES ON THE BANKS
O F
WINDERMERE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Let the Object of Love be careful to lose none of its
Loveliness.

LAVATER.

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE
Edinburgh,
FOR
WILLIAM LANE, LEADENHALL-STREET.
M DCC XCI.

CARPENTERS' TALENTS

PERMANENT

SECTION ON THE BANK

WINDMILLERS



For the purpose of being in a position to be able to

LAURENCE

LONDON

PRINTED AT THE

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THE

PRINTING AND LITHOGRAPHING

PRINTING

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page. Line.

- 10 2 for *as* read *bas*.
- 14 1 for *tbe* read *tbee*.
- 16 7 for *gasb* read *gusb*.
- 24 16 after *event* a semicolon.
- 27 12 for *of* read *on*.
- 37 10 for *this* read *his*.
- 38 5 for *throng*s read *throng*.
- 55 5 for *couteur* read *contour*.
- 59 16 after *circles* a period—and for *this* read *his*.
- 62 13 for *steel* read *steal*.
- 14 for *to call* read *to a call*.
- 63 7 after *smil'd* insert *and*.
- 19 for *well* read *well*.
- 116 11 after *breast* a period.
- 117 1 after *removed*, instead of a period a comma.
- 118 6 after *labour*, instead of a semicolon a comma.
- 120 13 the inverted commas before *and* instead of *I*.
- 122 1 of ballad, for *night* read *right*.
- 126 last line of second stanza, for *bow* read *now*.
- 142 13 for *much* read *not much*.
- 175 4 for *to* read *so*.
- 199 17 dele *that*.
- 218 15 for *to* read *at*.

VOL. II.

- 18 5 dele the inverted commas.
- 6 dele the period.
- 26 8 dele the inverted commas before the word *was*.
- 32 last line dele period after *mind* and insert comma.
- 33 14 dele the period.
- 36 3 dele the period.
- 52 10 for *convenant* read *convenient*.
- 83 4 for *Perlieus* read *Purlieus*.
- last line dele the words *have acquired*.
- 113 1 for *occurred* read *encountered*.
- 125 8 dele period after the word *foot* and insert comma.
- 236 16 for *bystanding* read *by standing*.

THE
CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER, &c.

CHAP. I.

JOURNEY TO WESTMORELAND.

IT was in the month of April, when Lord Derham, disgusted at the overgrown follies of London, retired to enjoy the loveliest season of the year at his country-seat, which gives the name of Derham-Down, to a smiling village on the romantic borders of Windermere.

Few spots, perhaps, can boast a more charming situation than Derham-Down, the thatched roofs of which meet the eye as you gain the brow of a hill, in one of the best and most frequented roads which that part of the country affords. The gradual descent of this hill these cottages line, and the state of neatness and repair, which the liberality of their owner (Lord Derham) enables them to display, gives a surprising vivacity to the scene, a scene contrasted by the face of the surrounding country, whose irregular grandeur is too often gloomy.

The inhabitants of the village ran to their doors, and hailed the good Peer's arrival with that unfeigned joy, which a prospect of approaching gaiety, and

and the consequent prosperity of their little state, promoted.

A domestic, whose head was worn bare in his Lordship's service, was first greeted by the salutations of old and young; nor did the horse he rode on, whose muzzle began to display a few grey hairs, pass unsaluted on the score of long acquaintance. A peasant or two, who had been helpers in the stables of Lord Derham, seemed to hail his safe return from so profligate a place as London.

His Lordship next approached in his travelling carriage, in which was comprised much timber and much state, and which was, according to the good old fashion, drawn by six long-

tailed black horses: Though it was a rainy day he let down the side glasses, that he might return the salutations of his neighbours, which he did with an encouraging nod. As to the villagers, they revered every thing about their patron; even the singularities of his dress obtained their respect, and they smiled, with a mixture of mirth and affection, as they surveyed his compact natural-curved wig, and his Cumberland hat, placed, with a military air, on one side; for Lord Derham had commanded a regiment at Minden: The efforts of which corps he would (perhaps too often) say, caused Prince Ferdinand to exclaim, with more military judgment than prophetic spirit, "*Voici le beau moment pour la Cavalerie;*"

the

the Prince was not certainly like the ancients, *soldier* and *augur* too.

In the carriage with Lord Derham, and in a post coach, which followed it, were contained his lovely daughter and a party of friends, who proposed passing some time with his Lordship at the Down, for so was his seat called.

As the coach passed a neat cottage, against the thatch of which were rested some elm planks newly sawed, a young girl bounced out at the door, and dropped a low curtesy. Lord Derham bade a friend observe her, while he nodded familiarly, and smiled on her. The flush which exercise had given to her cheek, when she appeared, deepened at his Lordship's nod, she whisked

round and vanished from the door.—

By heavens, exclaimed the gentleman, to whom his Lordship had addressed himself, it is a most lovely girl! It is my little mistress, exclaimed Lord Derham; her father fought under me at Minden when the Prince ———.

The gentleman perceived, to his sorrow, that he must go through the affair at Minden, and fortified himself with patience, to reward him for which, let us bear testimony to that correctness of taste which induced him to exclaim, that the little girl, who ran out of the carpenter's shop, was the most lovely creature he had ever seen.

Betsy Braddyl was the daughter of a man who had served as serjeant under Lord Derham, and, upon the proclamation

clamation of the peace before the last, had retired to his native village, where he resumed the trade to which he was originally bred, and lived happy under the auspices of his fellow soldier, a title with which he would not unfrequently honour Lord Derham, in the parlour at the Nag's-Head, near the end of the village, to which he repaired of an evening, if we may believe Mrs. Braddyl, somewhat too frequently.

CHAP. II.

A SKETCH OF THE CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

BETSY BRADDYL was at this time about fifteen years of age. The opening bud of the rose was not half so beautiful as Betsy; her little limbs, were symmetry combined with a native elegance that baffles all description. Her person was so formed, and so put together, that she could not place herself in any attitude in which she would not have been a model for a painter; and her attitudes were continually varied by the vivacity of her disposition, for she was hurried through

through life by a flow of spirits, which age and adversity would find it difficult to overcome. Activity of body was with Betsey as much a pride as a beauty ; and when she ran up the streets of the village without a cap, her dark chesnut hair streaming behind her, her elegant shoulders thrown back, and her lovely neck extended, a poet, not very dull, would have said he saw Atalanta in the Chase ; but Ned Sanford, who was no more a poet than love and nature had made him one, would talk as strangely, and perhaps as unintelligibly, as the divinest bard on the subject.

I cannot see, said Ned, as he was standing at no great distance from Braddyl's cottage to see Lord Derham pass, what there is in little Bet Braddyl

to attract one so. She is not so fair as Kitty Curd, nor as she so handsome a nose as Peg Peartree, nor so black an eye as Ruth Levi, nor is she so handsome altogether as Lucy Lamb, and yet hang me if either of them is fit to lace her stays.—“ Her stays have got no bone in them, neither,” said Luke Level.—Luke, whom, from the pertinency of this observation, the reader may have already discovered to be no conjurer, was apprentice to Bet’s father, old Braddyl, and these words, void of sense and meaning, as they appeared, sunk to the soul of poor Ned, lay rankling there, and poisoned the pleasure of a long spring afternoon; but it is time to finish this imperfect sketch of Betsy Braddyl. Her complexion was fair, but not glowing, ’till
illuminated.

illuminated by exercise or animation ; but the former was so frequently adopted, and the latter so wakefully alive, that she seldom failed to remind you of the following beautiful lines :

— “ Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheek, and with such spirit wrought,
That one might almost think her body thought.”

Indeed a more perfect idea of her face than those lines afford can scarcely be conveyed. Intelligence is the grand characteristic of her variable countenance. As to her features singly—her eyes are large and expressive, their colour hazel ; her nose is neither Roman nor Grecian, but such, that it would have lost part of its beauty had it been strictly either ; her mouth is

more lovely than regular ; her teeth are ivory ; her lips pouting, red and moist, and her eye-brows are rather large. I think it has been before observed, that her hair is of a dark chesnut colour ; it possesses rather a gentle wave than a regular curl ; it flows, in the inimitable pride of nature, around her shoulders, and winds with a most flattering contrast over the polished alabaster of her forehead.

CHAP

C H A P. III.

A YOUNG LOVER, WITH SOME HINTS
ON ETYMOLOGY.

NED SANFORD was a boy of whom the whole parish concurred in declaring nothing could be made; and, indeed, this might be safely predicted of him, if the received opinion, that a gentleman is fit for nothing, be admitted, for as such had Ned been educated; in short, he had been a drum-boy in his county militia, from which post he was dismissed at the proclamation of the peace, and turned adrift with many of his officers (hail to

to the salutary spirit of public œconomy!) unprovided with sufficient to purchase the morrow's meal; a wide world lay before them, in which they were permitted to seek their fate, which many of them speedily found at the bar of a court of justice.

Ned Sanford was what the world called a handsome lad. He was about a year older than Betsey, and his limbs gave the promise of perfect symmetry. He had a natural grace in his person, which probably Monsieur Vestris would be at a loss to point out; but which the late John Mortimer (a name which genius shall never recall without a sigh) has best commented on in his various sketches. A striking feature in Ned's person (which procured him
the

the nick-name of Burley, with as much propriety as most names can boast) was a light-brown head of hair, whose tendency to curl would not suffer it, even when longest, to reach the collar of his jacket. This circumstance, perhaps, we should not have mentioned, had it not been partly the cause of poor Ned's anguish, when Luke Level mentioned in so mystical a manner the bones of Betsey Braddyl's stays. He had been told but that morning by a girl of the village (need we say that as a soldier he stood well with the girls?) that Betsey Braddyl had laughed at him among her female companions. By dint of a little talent of insinuation which Ned possessed, he worm'd out of the malicious little tale-bearer the whole of Betsey's speech, the pointed ridicule.

ridicule of which was all contained in these words, "that however they might laugh at Burley's head of hair, it had at least this good effect, that it shewed the handsomest and whitest neck in the whole village." The reader, who cannot guess what a warm gash this speech conveyed to the heart of poor Ned, and with what a double degree of cold Luke Level's observations shed its congealing influence over it, will probably, as it will certainly be most prudent in him to do, throw up the book at this page, and proceed no farther.

I shall conclude this chapter with a word of advice to those etymologists, who may be induced to puzzle their brains for the relation between the cause and effect of Ned's nick-name.

When they have proceeded, with as much success in this as in their various other researches, the following hint may, perhaps, assist them. A boy of the parish, with a vein of rhyming in him, which, luckily for his associates, as yet lay dormant, in allusion to Ned's locks, called him Curley Burley, and the ears of the surrounding audience were more tickled with the last word than the first.

+ 7 2

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

A MORNING SCENE.

THE same fun (it is for the information of persons of fashion that I mention this) the same fun which peeped under the thatch of Brad-dyl's cottage, to steal a glance at the beautiful Betsy through a diminutive casement, whose

“ Scanty pane the rising ray

On the white wall in diamonds threw.”

And discovered (notwithstanding a few flowers, in a broken tea pot, which nearly overshadowed the window) her
snowy

snowy arm stretched over a dowlas sheet, her eye-lids closed, and her rosy lips just sufficiently parted to reveal the range of pearls between them; that amorous fun who bade two sparrows twitter at her window, that he might kiss her opening eyes, went round, about an hour afterward, to shed a softened ray through the blue sattin curtain of Miss Derham's chamber, which occupied a more southern aspect at the Down.

Miss Derham hailed the welcome visitor, for she had been some time awake, and rang for her woman. — Mrs. Fitchet appeared, and the morning toilet began. A taste perfectly formed, and a judgment chastely correct, which adorned the mind of Miss
Derham,

Derham, displayed themselves even in the ornaments of her person; and such was the simple elegance which graced the finished toils of Mrs. Fitchet, that, in contemplating the dress of her Lady, the mind was artfully withdrawn from reflecting on the beauties it concealed, or, if it strayed to them, it was compelled to admit an apology in the exertion of a fancy which is the gift of but few. Among the few who possess it, those women, who are fortunate enough to add to a lovely form, the extraneous advantages of exalted rank, and affluent fortune, are alone enabled to display it: It is called fashion, and is that attribute by their fruitless attempts to attain which the females of an inferior order render themselves so conspicuous, seldom

feldom to the advantage even of those on whom nature has bestowed the most seducing charms ; for nature claims the display of her own gifts ; it is from her we must learn what will most adorn the beauty she bestows ; it is from her we do learn, that the most simple ornaments are the most becoming, and that she cannot, by her utmost exertions, bestow a form, from which art misapplied may not detract.

In the breakfast parlour, to which she was speedily summoned, she found her father. The good old Peer arose at her entrance, his eye glistening with pleasure, placed her at the tea table, and himself occupied a chair by her side. They had been seated there about five minutes, when Sir Harry Sapworth,

Sapworth, the gentleman to whom Lord Derham had addressed himself in the coach, upon the appearance of Betsey Braddyl, found himself released from the hands of his valet, and joined them. Lord Derham rallied him upon his early rising.

“Your Lordship cannot conceive how much I like it,” said Sir Harry, with a yawn, which his politeness in vain struggled to suppress; “but it is impossible in town, unless one would live like a hermit. We dine so late now, one could never get through the morning; it would be insupportable.” He paused for a moment, then turning to Miss Derham, with a smile, well calculated to display his teeth—“You are a famous farrier I know,” said he;
 “what

“ what is good for a sand-crack ? ”

An address so familiar, and on such a subject to an elegant young woman, would have alarmed the critics in politeness of the last age, and they would have pronounced the man from whom it proceeded an ill-bred clown. Sir Harry, however, was a man of fashion : But how would the alarms of these gentlemen have increased if they had heard Miss Derham (such as she has been described) answer with infinite good humour, and some degree of science on the subject ? Indeed, if this lovely girl had a fault, it was her extreme attachment to the generous animal, whose disorder had been the subject of Sir Harry's address, an attachment arising from her skill in riding, and

and the pleasure she took in that exercise.

Sir Harry had just heard from his groom, who always attended his levee, that the favourite of a set of greys, which he had sent to the Down on the preceding day with his phaeton, had fallen lame, and that his lameness proceeded from a sand-crack. This was a subject of importance to a man whose life was passed in an indolence at once so fashionable and uncomfortable, that any circumstance, even attended by a loss, became a blessing, if it was of consequence enough to gain his attention. Nor was the good old Peer unconcerned in this event he had formed himself in the manage, when a young man, under that prodigy of health

health, spirits, wit and politeness, at eighty-five, Sir Sidney Meadows. — He was a stickler for old Markham's Masterpiece, and a long dispute ensued between him and Sir Harry on the comparative merits of this quaint old writer, and the decisive Mr. Taplin, which ended in the whole party's adjourning to the stable as soon as breakfast was concluded, to consult on the case of the poor grey.

VOL. I.

C

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

TWO SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

IN consequence of a certain portion of fancy, which had at an early period of his life led him to the gay and unsettled life of a drum-boy, and of gentlemanly principles imbibed in that situation which inclined him a little to dissipation, though Ned Sanford was called a good handy lad, he was well-skilled in no one craft; his occupations, therefore were various, and his means of subsistence uncertain.

It was on the approach of noon that Ned, who happened to be unemployed,

strolled down to Braddyl's cottage, half inclined to quarrel with Betsey, and half inclined to kneel at her feet, and ask forgiveness for that intention, which as yet lay concealed in his own bosom.

He found her in a small inclosure by the side of the road, in which was placed old Braddyl's saw-pit. She was sitting on some deal planks, and was playing with her little brother, a beautiful child, about two years old. Ned seated himself at the farther end of the planks of which Betsey sat, and his eyes were involuntarily fixed on her stays; they embraced a shape so lovely, that he was thoroughly convinced Luke's observation was true, and it tormented him more than ever.

“What, no work to-day, Ned?”
 He folded his arms: “Idle, idle, Ned!”
 Ned sighed, took up a chissel which lay near him, and fell to work on the plank.—“I hate to see you so.”—“I know you hate me, Miss, and I shall go.”—“Stay, Ned, I hate to see you idle. What will you do by and by? Hark how Luke is hammering. Ah, Ned! he will be a rich man, while you ——.”—“He is happy now,” cried Ned, almost choaking, “and whether he will ever be rich ——.”
 “He is making a box for me, shall I call him to shew it you?”—“Stay, Miss Betsy Braddyl,” cried Ned, with a vast deal of dignity, “do not call him here; it may be ——. I do not chuse to see him just now. Go to him, pray Madam; do not let me interrupt you.”

you."—"Why, what is Luke Level to me, Ned?"—"Every thing, I am afraid," cried Ned, with anguish; "but what have I to do with that!" Betsey stole the chissel from Ned's hand, and leered in his face. He turned from her angrily.—"Go to Ned, and kiss him," cried Betsey to the child. The boy ran between Ned's knees, and held up its little cherub's face to be kissed; but Ned turned his head aside. — "Ill-natured boy!" cried Betsey; "come here, my dear, and be kissed." A dead silence reigned for about five minutes, when Betsey sliding the chissel along her hand, suddenly shrieked out, "Ah, heavens! my finger!" Ned started, wildly, and was on his knees before her as quick as thought: "Which finger, Betsey?"—

“Neither,” replied Betsey, laughing faintly. “Ah, Ned! Ned!” He devoured her hand, on which, however, he perceived no wound, with kisses. “You would not kiss this little ——.” Ned seized the boy, and kissed him with transport, and what is singular, Betsey caught the boy out of Ned’s arms, and, with her eyes fixed on Ned the whole time, half stifled him with caresses.—“Let Luke come now if he will, cried Ned.” — “I hate the formal fool,” said Betsey. At this instant they were alarmed by the beat of a drum.

At this beloved sound Ned Sanford flew like lightening towards the place whence he judged it to proceed: Betsey followed him to the door of the cottage,

tage, and, looking down the hill on which the village stands, she perceived a cloud of dust, through which the gleamings of arms in the sun convinced her that it was too late to call Ned back, who had run, like a lapwing, towards them. Some pioneers had now ascended the hill, and as she contemplated the formidable air which the furred caps, knap-sacks, and working-tools, gave them, and to which a long march, in a warm dusty day, had not a little contributed. She heard her father's voice close to her ear, for the drum had drawn him from the sawing a plank which he found he must either spoil or quit. Betsy, cried he, in a military accent, "Look to your left." She did so, and saw my Lord Derham, his daughter, and the party which

he had the day before brought down with him. She paid her compliments to her respected patrons somewhat hastily, for on the other side were two irresistible objects, the soldiers and Ned Sanford, who had taken his post a little below her.

Almost half the files had passed Ned, when Betsy perceived him assume a more haughty mien than she had ever beheld in him before. He threw back his shoulders, swelling out his chest, and seemed, for the first time, to study an attitude; as the colours approached him, he raised his hand gracefully to take off a little bit of a scarlet cloth foraging cap, which had formerly been intire, and which, when in that state, he had worn as a drum-boy, and leaving his curled head uncovered, eyed
the

the colours as they waved by him with a firm but respectful air. Betsy, who was lost in surprise, mixed with some little pleasure (for Ned's attitude, modelled by the hand of enthusiasm, joined to a certain animation of aspect, rendered him at that moment a very interesting figure) only withdrew her eyes from Ned to steal a glance at the surrounding company, and discover whether they united with her in admiration of Ned's manœuvre, the motive to which she had not developed, when she perceived Lord Derham, who stood a little in the front of the rest of the company, bare-headed, at the approach of the colours, and her father, who had formed up in the rear of his old commander, with a countenance which expressed an anxiety to take off the hat which he had not

on, for unluckily he had come without one.

Ned Sanford's behaviour had not passed unnoticed by the commanding officer, who had quitted his post upon perceiving Lord Derham, and stood to view the files as they passed. He asked Ned his name, threw a shilling to him as he passed, and approached Lord Derham and his party. This officer, whose hand Lord Derham grasped with warmth, and who accosted his Lordship with respectful affection, was distinguished from his soldiers by nothing so much as superior grace and elegance of form; for his dress was the same as their own, except that his coat was wrought in a finer loom, and that he had no knapsack at his back.

The [redacted] attended with two
 very [redacted] and marched on
 foot at the head of [redacted] men, and the
 dust of the road, whatever it might
 have added to his military appearance,
 had not exactly qualified him to shine
 in a party where the toilet had dis-
 played its utmost efforts. Sir Harry
 Sapsworth, who had been a king's
 page, whispered to Miss Derham, "is
 this your colonel?" When Lord Der-
 ham introduced him, Sir Harry threw
 off his round hat, drew his heels to-
 gether, bowed slightly, and, turning
 round, put his foot on a rail, and,
 calling to Betsy Braddyl, "Here,
 child," bade her tie an enormous bunch
 of ribbands which covered his shoe.
 As she stooped to do this the young
 Baronet surveyed her: "Are not you,"

said he, "the little girl whom I saw as we passed through the village?" To this wise question Betsy answered, with a curtesy and a blush, "I do not know, Sir."—"You are devilish pretty, my dear," returned Sir Harry; "you must come and live with me." "If my father pleases, Sir," said Betsy. Sir Harry smiled at this young creature's extreme folly, and nothing will probably more strongly prove the trite position, that laughter is the effect of conscious superiority, than the Baronet's smile on this occasion.

Sir Harry Sapsworth had been, as has been said before, one of the king's pages, and became, at a very early period of his life, happily convinced, that nothing but vulgarity of manners,
and

and weakness of mind, were to be found out of the pale of the royal household. He was, fortunately for his progress in the attainment of personal accomplishments, taken from school before the united efforts of his masters could encumber his memory with any dead or living language, or give it the slightest bent towards the laborious operation of thinking. This confidential friend, however, and his groom, both equal judges of the matter, declare he writes a good letter, and the latter has often observed, with an emphatic nod, "that he spells pretty well." At the academy of Leige, in Germany, he acquired his French and Italian. Upon quitting the household he obtained a commission in the foot guards, which, however, he

he relinquished in consequence of the severe duty which has for some years taken place at the Bank of England; "that execrable jostle through the throngs of mechanics, the vile situation when one arrives at it! Why do they not send a marching regiment? The women always detect me when I return from that detestable duty!" Thus were his ideas on the subject conveyed, and he soon fold out.

His lucky escape from school at so early a period, enabled him to bestow much serious reflection on the lessons of his dancing-master, and, as he was well-formed, he soon became a favourite scholar. Nor did Hall, who certainly understands the art he professes, deny that he rode well. With these

these accomplishments Sir Harry possesses a handsome face, and a countenance in general far from unintelligent. This, added to the care which his taylor and valet de chambre take of his person, for he never pulls on a stocking without the aid of the latter, render him an object of attention wherever he appears. He has acquired, by a run through life unchecked by adversity, an ease of behaviour rather bordering upon insolence, which, however, he knows how to blend with the mild manners adopted by the most polished societies in the kingdom, to which he has always a ready admission ; and such is the effect of those manners, united with personal accomplishments, that Sir Harry Sapsworth is, when he wishes to be so, specious, imposing and agreeable;

agreeable, and passes through life with such talents as have been delineated, for an intelligent, sensible young man.

C H A P. VI.

HALF AN HOUR AFTER DINNER.

THE cloth was removed from Lord Derham's table, when the conversation turned on some of the accidents of the day. Lord Derham asked Sir Harry what he thought of his young foldier.—“Colonel Walsingham, my Lord, is a relation of yours.”—“A distant one.”—“I have had

had the honour of being in his company before ; his talents as a soldier.”

“ He is a soldier of fortune,” cried Lord Derham, “ and his talents must be respectable to have attained for him the rank he possesses already.”—“ Certainly, my Lord, but there is, about these men of service, a certain want of that elegance, which a man of fashion.”—“ What think you, Bab ? ” — said Lord Derham, turning to his daughter :—“ I agree with Sir Harry, Sir ; I thought my cousin to-day a little too much of the soldier.”—“ And this is a soldier's daughter too, Bab ! ”

A servant now announced Col. Walsingham, who had accepted an invitation from Lord Derham to make the Down his quarters while in that country. Col. Walsingham entered in a riding

riding dress, and his appearance bore so much fashion in it, that Miss Derham immediately whispered to her father, that she retracted her opinion, and Sir Harry sat silent and absorbed in thought. The old Peer got into a military line of conversation, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of Sir Harry to interrupt it, who perceived that he was conveying the whole company apace towards Minden.

I met with nothing, said Col. Walsingham, which gave me so much pleasure as the conduct of a young rascal as I entered your village, my Lord, a handsome curl-headed lad.—“ His saluting your colours, you mean.”—“ I do.”—“ I observed him too; it pleased me. Who is that boy, Bab ?

You

You know, for I see him frequently about Braddyl's, an old sergeant of mine, Walsingham."—Now for Minden, sighed Sir Harry, but he sighed inwardly.—"His name is Sanford, Sir; he is a great favourite with my little girl."—"He is a good boy then, I hope," cried the Peer; "I would not for the world have any thing happen to that girl."—"The carpenter's girl!" exclaimed Sir Harry, starting from a reverie, "the same."—"Indeed, Sir, I know nothing of the boy," said Miss Derham; "but that he has the character of an idle lad. He is clever, I believe, for my little friend shewed me some verses which he had written on her the other day, which —" "Verses!" exclaimed Lord Derham; why, the boy I mean is a common labourer."

bourer."—"That circumstance, my Lord, excited my curiosity, and I understood that Mr. Hope, our last curate, met with him by accident, when an infant, and, pleased with marks of genius in the child, took him home, and bestowed some labour on his education; but died without being able to provide for him, at which time the boy enlisted in the militia."

"If he is a poet," cried Col. Walsingham, smiling, "let the girl fly him! He bears about him a talisman against competency: Starve with him she may; but as to living, as Jeremy says, even the life of a new play, it is impossible!" "Why, Walsingham," cried Lord Derham, "you write yourself."—"If I do, my Lord, I hope, among other follies

follies which are the portion of man, I am wise enough to conceal it." — " You wrote when a boy, I am sure," said Miss Derham; " you are sure of that, are you, Bab?" cried the old Peer, smiling: " Your health, my dear; but why blush so?" This observation only served to heighten a vivid glow which suffused the lovely animated countenance of Miss Derham. Col. Walsingham looked grave, and Sir Harry, withdrawing his attention from a new tooth-pick case, fixed his eyes on Miss Derham, and laughed. The men were now left to themselves, and a summons to tea soon put an end to the conversation; for Lord Derham did not carry the fashions of the metropolis into the heart of Westmoreland; and, indeed, he possessed a soul too

too feelingly alive to the beauties of nature to permit a single charm to escape him, through a ridiculous submission to what the world calls fashionable hours.

We will now leave the reader to muse on the blush which tinged the cheek of Miss Derham, on which he must muse, without a guide, till we have leisure to lend him a clue.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A VISIT TO A COTTAGE.

A LITTLE round three-leg'd deal table had been, for some time, removed from beneath an apple-tree in full blossom, where the mildness of the evening had invited Mrs. Braddyl to prepare her tea equipage, and the best tea cups, which were a little bigger than an acorn, had again fallen in, as Braddyl would facetiously say, to their ranks over the parlour chimney-piece, from which place they had been drawn out ready in case of a surprise, for the sagacity of Mrs. Braddyl foretold

told a speedy visit from Mrs. Fitchet, Miss Derham's woman.

They had, however, resumed their posts on the mantle-piece ; Braddyl was, to speak technically, sawing a piece of tough bacon with a bad knife, and Betsy, a little coxcomb, was putting her hair in papers for the night, when in failed Mrs. Fitchet, on an afternoon's visit.—“ Let me disturb nobody,” cried the accommodating Fitchet; “ I do insist upon disturbing nobody,” which little speech she had conned on her road from the Down, from a conviction that she should just be in time to disturb every body. “ Lord a mercy, Mr. Braddyl, what not done dinner yet !”—“ Dinner, Madam !”—“ Why, it cannot be your supper, sure ! Well, I am

I am so used to fashionable hours—I am sure, Ma'am you are going to be ceremonious, and if you do we must leave the house; must not we, Mr. Black? This is Mr. Black, Sir Harry's gentleman."

Mr. Black made his bow, and Mrs. Braddyl declared, that, though Mr. Braddyl was an early man, she herself had not yet drank tea. In consequence of this, the little cups were again dislodged from their post, and the operation of tea-making resumed.

"If Ned Sanford was here he could fetch us some water," cried Mrs. Braddyl, for she was not so destitute of taste as to make tea for such a party with pump-water. "Where can Ned

be?" cried Betsey, "I am sure I have not seen him since morning:"—"And Luke Level too," cried Braddyl, "he has not been at work this afternoon." "I gave him leave, my dear," cried Mrs. Braddyl, primming up her mouth, to go to meeting, for Luke was one of those people called Quakers.—"At Marstow, mother?" cried Betsey.—"Yes, child."—"Then, I dare say, he and Ned will meet; for I will lay my life he is gone there with the soldiers who went by to-day."—"Ned is a good boy," cried old Braddyl; "if you had seen him salute the colours to-day!"—"A fiddle for your colours," cried Mrs. Fitchet; there is the Colonel at our house to-day, and Mr. Black tells me they have been talking of nothing else."—"What Colonel,

Colonel, pray Ma'am?" — "Colonel Walsingham." — "What master Walsingham, that sweet boy, who used to be here so much; is he grown a Colonel?" — "He is all that, to be sure, Ma'am." — "Pray, Ma'am, when he was a boy, I thought he used to keep company with our sweet Lady—your young Lady, Mrs. Fitchet." — "My young—oh, heavens! a Colonel, no, not if he were a Captain, I assure you. Oh! impudence—I assure you—no, ridiculous. Indeed, I have sometimes thought of setting my cap at the Colonel, ha! ha! han't I, Mr. Black?" "I will tell you what, Mrs. Fitchet," cried Braddyl, coming forward, "A Colonel in the army is a fit husband for a queen!"

Mr. Black, who, among other perfections, was a complete modern philosopher, then took up the conversation : "Excuse me, Mr. Braddyl, for venturing to differ from you on a subject which you should be more cognizable than me, because you are more acquainted on it ; but what is a Colonel ? He is little more than a soldier, being of the species of the soldier.— Give me leave, Mr. Braddyl : Why then, as I said before, of what use is a soldier in society, I ask ?—that is all I want—of what use ? Because, is it not shocking to the humanity of human nature, that a man for six pence a day should be compelled, voluntarily, to cut a thousand throats—all his fellow creatures, and should be obliged to be flogged to do so against the liberty of
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the subject, and the constitution of England."

This harangue (the fate of many similar ones) was applauded to the skies by the Ladies. Mrs. Braddyl declared, "that it was the most sensible speech she had ever heard:"—But Braddyl continued ignorantly obstinate, and turned off, saying, "that for all that he believed we should not enjoy the blessings of life in peace, if it were not for soldiers and discipline."—"Mr. Black has said right," said Mrs. Fitchet, "because all the world knows that the Baron Knight, his master, is to have my young Lady."

At this period Luke Level arrived from the meeting at Marston, when

Betsy, with an eagerness not unnoticed by Mr. Black (for his eyes were seldom withdrawn from this lovely girl) inquired where Ned was.—“Thou knowest equally well with me,” replied Luke; “I saw him at Marston, but quitted him, because I judged, from his liveliness, that he had been drinking. When I came away he was bidden to supper by some of those thee termest drummers in what they call the regiment, and I do not imagine thee wilt see him again, this, I know not how long.”

At this account poor Betsy's eyes were filled with tears, which she strove a thousand ways to disguise. Her confusion was increased by the facetious remarks of Mr. Black, who, at length, with

with Mrs. Fitchet, retired, as did our poor little girl soon after, to a mattrafs, the hardness of which (though she had been long indebted to it for the firm couteur and elastic polish of her lovely limbs) she now, for the first time, perceived; and it was near morning before she tasted the sweet and refreshing sleep which glowing health, and an unspotted mind, had ever before procured her.

C H A P. VIII.

COLONEL WALSINGHAM SETS OUT ON A VISIT TO A FRIEND.

COLONEL Walsingham, who had now taken up his quarters with Lord Derham, was descended from the younger branch of a very ancient house. His father (the Hon. Sidney Walsingham) died a major-general in the service, at a very early period of life, and left his son heir to little more than his name and virtues. Lord Derham, who was a distant relation, was appointed guardian to young Sidney, whose scanty inheritance felt no diminution in the course of his education, which,

which, notwithstanding, was such, as very few men of rank can boast; for Lord Derham had convinced himself with that spirit of enthusiasm, which a warm attachment to a military life frequently creates, that a foldier should be all accomplished."—"Be," would he cry to Sidney, whose freedom of manners, united to an ingenuous countenance and elegant form, even when a boy very much endeared him to this worthy patron, "be but half as great a man as your illustrious ancestor, Sir Philip, and you will be all which that noble fellow, your father, would have wished you; my duty will then be done."

Sanguine as Lord Derham's wishes might have been, the progress of young

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Walsingham.

Walsingham in those attainments, which enlarge the mind and form the person, did not deceive them. With a soul active and penetrating, he had, perhaps, a greater share of a certain useless ingredient, called imagination, than a prudent man would approve ; but as this quality is never unaccompanied with ambition (for we never build a castle but in hopes of inhabiting it) when his judgment was ripened by age, and that experience, which, in complying an eager desire to know mankind, he could not fail to acquire, he, perhaps, owed much of his success in life to it.

Lord Derham had now the satisfaction to see united, in his young friend, two characters which were most dear
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to him—the foldier and the gentleman. His conduct, during some years of dangerous and harrassing service, had obtained for him a rank to which his age seemed scarcely to intitle him. He had applied a mind, such as has been described, to the attainment of general, as well as professional, information. Possessed of a very fine person, he had given to it an uncommon portion of grace, by his ambition to excel in those exercises which at once contribute to form and embellish the limbs. To this he united the ease of a man of fashion, acquired from an early initiation into the most brilliant circles this deportment had in it : however (particularly when employed in his profession, in which he was an enthusiast) a fire, which was often mistaken for haughti-

ness, till the mildness of his address undeceived. That he possessed a great share of pride is certain; but it was that pride, which is the best friend of man, which swells at the view of a dirty or mean action, and rejects, with contempt, the proffer of wealth, which would sate the rapacity of an eastern plunderer, if it must be purchased by the slightest deviation from the character of a gentleman.

Besides Lord Derham, Col. Walsingham found another brother officer, settled in that part of the country. Capt. Wharton had served with him during several campaigns; but his regiment (a new one) having been reduced before the final conclusion of the peace, Wharton had converted his
sword

sword into a plough-share, and retired upon little more than his half-pay into Westmoreland, where he applied himself to the cultivation of a small parcel of land, the only remains of a decent fortune, which a liberal disposition—some little love of pleasure—and an anxiety to redress the rigours of a campaign among his fellow soldiers, had left him. During a time of service every man's heart and purse are open. Mutual danger and mutual recreation, after danger, are, probably, the sweetest and strongest ties which the mind of man owns. Wharton's money flew, and when, at the conclusion of the war, he found his friends unable to pay him, he smiled at his loss, and burnt his securities.

A similarity of character and talents nearly congenial cemented a strict union, which first took place in America, between Wharton and Col. Walsingham, who, on his arrival in Westmoreland, scarcely looked with more pleasure on the hope of embracing Lord Derham, and seeing, after a long absence, a family so justly dear to him, than in the prospect of talking over old tales with Wharton.

Full of this idea, the first moment he could steal from the affectionate attention of Lord Derham, he dedicated to call on his friend. As he rode through the village with this intent, he saw Miss Derham's horses and servant at the door of Braddyl's cottage. He committed his own horse to the care of
his

his groom, and went in. Mr. Walsingham ! exclaimed Miss Derham.— Ah, Miss Derham ! cried he, I find there is no reclaiming you ; you will remain as unfashionable as I once knew you. Suppose I should mention this in town ? Miss Derham smiled, with a little suffusion of countenance, cried, sure, you are not going there yet ?— “ Could you think it ? I cannot so soon part with the friends I have so lately retrieved, and such friends too ! ” “ You are partial to us,” returned Miss Derham.—“ If I were not, I must be, in every sense, a brute ! ”—“ Come, come,” resumed Miss D——, “ here is an old acquaintance of yours ; she’s been curtsying to you for this half hour.”—“ Vell, lack-a-daify ! I should never ha’ thought it. If any body had told

told me, I should not ha' believed it, that Master Sidney, that used to walk so much with you, dear Madam, when you were little tiney things ! Well, God forgive me, I always laid you out for my dear Lady, Sir, a sweet boy as you was ; but to see how people are cross'd —— !”

This speech brought all the blood into Miss Derham's face, and Walsingham looked a little foolish. They both assumed a faint smile, and were rising to go, when Ned Sanford, who had been driving plough for Braddyl, in a little close near to the house, which he had turned up for barley, entered the room with a leathern bottle, which he desired might be filled with beer for the ploughman. Ned's face, which
was

was flushed by labour, assumed a deeper crimson, when he saw Miss Derham. He pulled off his little foraging cap, and stood at the door, with his eyes fixed on the ground.—“Is not that the lad?” cried Col. Walsingham, not sorry to draw the attention from the last conversation. — “That,” cried Miss Derham, with some severity in her tone, “is a very bad boy, Sir.” — Poor Ned lifted up his eyes—glanced piteously on Miss Derham — threw them down again—received his bottle, and, bowing, withdrew.

In a few seconds the lovely Betsy came running wildly into the room: Mother! mother! for heaven's sake, come! Ned has struck the gentleman, and there will be mischief!” They
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all arose in an instant. Walsingham placed Mrs. Braddyl and Miss Derham in their chairs again, and promised to quiet matters himself. He went out with this intent, and crossing a little orchard after Betsy, who conducted him, he saw, at a gate which led into the Close, a well-dressed gentleman, standing with his handkerchief up to his eye: Two men, to appearance labourers, were standing by him, with their hats off, and he was saying to one of them, "Do not talk to me; I do insist upon it that you turn that fellow away this instant, or it shall be the worse for you."—"Sir," replied the man, "I cannot get a boy to drive for me to-day."—"D—n your driving," cried the gentleman, "then leave off."

Colonel

Colonel Walsingham was by this time close to them. The labourer, who was a poor farmer in the neighbourhood, and who had undertaken to plough and sow this Close for Braddyl, who happened to be out, retired to unharness his horses. Colonel Walsingham was by this time close to them, and asked what was the matter. The gentleman turned round at the sound of his voice, and discovered himself to be no less a personage than Mr. Black.—“Matter, Col. Walsingham,” cried Mr. Black, “I have been ill-treated.”—“By whom?”—“The boy who is now coming across the field; but I will be revenged—a little dirty scoundrel!”—“Indeed, Sir,” cried Betty, with animation, “the poor boy was not—much—to blame.”—

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"We will hear what he has to say," cried Colonel Walsingham, and he beckoned Ned, who approached. As he came near the gate, Black raised his cane to strike him.—"Be decent, Sir," cried Colonel Walsingham, in a severe tone, "and tell me what the boy has done."—"The scoundrel has struck me, Sir."—"How is this, my lad?"—"I will tell your honour the whole truth," cried Ned: "I have been wrong, and will undergo what punishment your honour pleases. You was sitting in the room when the Lady, whom all the country loves as well as myself, told me I was a bad boy. It was very true, Sir; but it went to my heart to be told so by her Ladyship. It made me very miserable, and very fractious, Sir, and I was in this
humour

humour when coming out with my bottle. I saw this gentleman at the gate attempting to kiss Miss Betsey, and when she would not let him, he tried to put his hand on her neck. I could not help it for the soul of me; Sir. As I got over the gate, I clapped my foot between his shoulders, and kicked him from me. He struck me with his cane, and I returned the blow, as I had a right; but I am sorry that I struck first."

"Is this true?"—"It is, upon my honour, upon my soul," cried Betsey. Colonel Walsingham smiled at her eagerness, and Luke Level, who came up at that instant, bade her not swear. Colonel Walsingham turned towards Black, and his blood boiled.—"Where
is

is your hat, fellow?" cried he; for he had not once moved it since his approach, and he struck it off with his whip. The ploughman came up to the gate with his horses. This is a pretty cause, said Walsingham, for losing half a day's work. Go to it again; I give you leave to employ the boy.

This the farmer, recollecting that he had half a day's work to finish at home, declined doing; and the Colonel asked him the best road to Capt. Wharton's. "I can shew your honour," cried Ned; "he is one of my best masters, and as I have nothing more to do here, I shall go and finish the hoeing of a piece of wheat there."—Colonel Walsingham inquired how far

it was, and understanding that it was three miles distant by the road, and only one by the fields, he determined to send his horses back, and walk with Ned as his guide. This he was the more ready to do, as he did not wish to encumber his friend with his horses and servant; he therefore returned to Braddy's, assured Miss Derham that the affair was over, and that the boy was not to blame, and began his march towards the Eutaws, the name which Capt. Wharton had given to his farm.

On the road he asked Ned several questions, and Miss Derham becoming of course the subject of conversation, Ned said, "that she was the best Lady in the world." Colonel Walsingham did not seem tired of this subject, and

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as Ned was a perfect enthusiast in her panegyric, began to inquire a little into this poor lad's affairs, and asked him, how so good a Lady came to say that he was a bad boy. Poor Ned pleaded guilty to the charge, and related his guilt in something like the following strain :

“ Sir, your honour was partly the cause of my fault, for I had not heard a drum so long before you marched through the village, that it made me almost mad. I marched into quarters with them, for the drum-boy to your honour's own company is an old comrade of mine. He treated me, for I had no money.—“ Do not you write verses some times, my boy ?” cried the Colonel. —“ When I have time, Sir,”

Sir," replied Ned. " So, Sir, as I had no money, and he treated me, I thought I could not refuse to stay and sup with him; and then I staid all night, and we drank some grog over night, which the major treated me with. — " Drum or serjeant ?" — " Drum-major, you honour, and I was thirsty next morning, and drank some ale; and my old comrade desired me to stay, and I did not come home till the third day; and, indeed, Sir, if it were not for my love to Mr. Braddyl's family, I believe I should have joined your honour's division, for the major said I beat very well."

" Your love for Mr. Braddyl's family !" cried Colonel Walsingham; he smiled at the idea, and it seemed to

afford him complete amusement till he arrived at his friend's house.

The joy which the meeting between these old comrades mutually afforded, can only be conceived by those who have, in moments of danger, toil and difficulty, borne testimony to the severest trial of the virtue of a friend, and who thus taught to esteem him, embrace him, for the first time, after years of absence. What enhanced the pleasures of this meeting was, that an old comrade of both, who had retired to a small estate in the next county, had arrived at Wharton's house on the preceding morning, with intent to pass some days with him. Dinner was soon announced, Mrs. Wharton made her appearance, and Walsingham,

ham, who had not seen her before, was introduced: He found her handsome and well-bred; nor was he long in discovering that she was sensible and good-humoured.

The dinner was plain, but excellent of its kind. Soon after the cloth was removed, Mrs. Wharton retired with a female relation, who was on a visit to her, and left our three friends to tell old stories over a bottle of Old Port. They had worn out pretty nearly three campaigns, when Capt. Meadows (for thus was the third man of the party named) proposed a stroll round Wharton's farm, in which proposal Walsingham readily joined him, and, tho' Wharton had yet the affair of brandy-wine to go through, he was compelled

to submit, and out they sallied. They had not proceeded far in their walk before Walsingham's eyes were attracted by a very picturesque cottage. Few things could boast a more attractive appearance than this lovely little retirement; the roof was newly thatched, the walls had been lately white-washed, and the paling and gates were fresh painted.—“That,” said Wharton, “has been, till within this month, my place of residence; but I have quitted it on the prospect of an increase in my family.”—Meadows smiled.—“He will have it,” continued Wharton, addressing himself to Walsingham, “that I am grown too big for my house: However it may be, I still love the Eutaws, for so have I named this little plantation, Sidney, though it
nearly

nearly proved the ruin of me ; it was here I began farming."

Walsingham, who had imbibed, probably from inattention, the common place prejudices on this subject, observed that no gentleman ever farmed with advantage to himself.—"Nay," said Wharton, "you must argue that point with my tutor there ; I believed that I had the strongest reasons to think as you do formerly, but I am now convinced that I was mistaken." Meadows, whose hobby-horse was his farm, thought it now high time to enter upon the defence of his favourite occupation.

"It was about four years ago," said he, "that our friend here," clapping

Wharton on the shoulder, "first resolved to retire to this spot, and, by cultivating a part of the little estate, which his foldier-like disposition had left him, to increase an income of which his half-pay was now by far the best moiety. I rode over to see him on my arrival into the country, and reached this little cottage about noon. I saw my friend in an elegant riding-dress; for, you know, he was, when in the regiment, a fashionable young man. He sprung forward, and, after giving me a most cordial welcome, shewed me a spud, which served him as a walking-stick. You see," said he, "I am a complete farmer; but, my dear Meadows, nothing could be more lucky than your arrival here to-day."—"I have a military party from

a neighbouring town, into which their regiment marched the other day, to dine with me, and drink my last dozen of claret, for I find my farm will not afford claret."—"I inquired what his farm consisted of, and was told about thirty acres. His claret, indeed, he gave up from that day; but, upon a visit to him, a twelvemonth afterwards, I found that he still kept on two handsome saddle horses and a groom. The horses," he said, "were necessary to assist an old cart-horse in the farming business, and the groom assisted at harvest.

"Of two maid-servants, whom Mrs. Wharton had brought with her from town; neither could milk, to do which they were obliged, daily, to hire a

woman in the neighbourhood. I found that our friend seldom arose before ten, and that he dined between four and five. I asked him how his farming accounts stood for the last year. He said but poorly ; but that he had, however, found out one error, which he was determined to avoid for the future. He had grown a great many oats during the last year, which should have gone to market, but they had been consumed in his stable by the horses of his visitors ; in short, he believed he must not visit so much in future ; neither did he know exactly what to do with his own horses, for being used to the saddle, they were so restive at cart, that it always required two men to drive them, and he could not trust a boy in that employment, even

even at plough. When I found him in this disposition, I judged that I might, with a prospect of success, state to him those truths, which before he had, in some measure, experienced, their validity would have been certainly rejected.

“ I do not know,” said I, “ whether you will be much inclined to believe me when I tell you, that a poor farmer, who acquired a subsistence from the quantity of land you hold, must work so much, that he would scarcely find himself in a better situation than that of a day-labourer, for the little produce of thirty acres would be half eaten up by the wages of a single labourer throughout the year ; nor could he find employment for two horses

during above half the year, upon an average, and yet without two the work cannot be done. But what is your situation ? You have three horses, two of which, confessedly, are useless, for a horse may as well not work as employ a man for the sole purpose of holding his head ; and you have an idle fellow of a groom, if you place him in the farming account, whom five hundred instead of thirty acres would not enable you to keep, even if they were well-looked after. But how is your farm looked after?—for four of the best hours in the day (I mean from six to ten) your labourers, confessedly, do what they please, and for two hours in the evening (I mean while you are at dinner) perhaps nothing.”

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“ In short,” said Wharton, interrupting him, “ I found the truth of these assertions fully evinced in the daily decrease of my little funds, when a relation of Mrs. Wharton dying, left us very much at our ease. I have paid off a heavy mortgage on my own estate, which I have the pleasure, when I look round me, to see submitted again to its old master. I now farm enough of it to employ three horses, and, besides getting back my rent, find a tolerable increase of my income, in the advantage it affords, as well to my kitchen as to my stable. I should, perhaps, take more land into my own hands ; but I confess, I do not feel myself intitled, with my present income, to grasp at those profits which are the right of a poorer man, and may, in the

hands of an industrious farmer, become the means of bringing up a family in that middle state between affluence and want, which is, perhaps, best calculated to form good subjects and citizens."

This conversation brought them home to tea. Walsingham passed the evening with his friend, and returned the next morning to the Down.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

THE SLY PROGRESS OF LOVE.

THE good old Peer, who doated on his daughter, and dwelt with inexpressible pleasure on her most trifling actions, beheld daily, with increasing enthusiasm, her progress in the attainment of those accomplishments which adorn, while they amuse, the mind. In all these, the best masters had concurred to form her taste from her earliest infancy, and she excelled in all! If, indeed, there was one to which she was particularly attached, it was the creative power of the pencil ;

a genius which gave her uncommon facility in all, led her peculiarly to this study, and she possessed an eye so strictly, so unaffectedly true, to the various beauties of nature, that the powers of her masters were soon exhausted; they declared that they could do no more, and C—f—ns, one of them, has compared her designs in majesty and freedom to those of Mrs. H—rc—t.

It was a pleasing sight to behold the good old Peer hanging with transport over his daughter's works, and to mark his admiration grow with every line she drew. His pride in her was too great to be pent within the confines of his own breast. Her perfections were his constant theme, and it is thought
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that he would sometimes dwell on them with as much pleasure, as on the glorious day of Minden. He would not unfrequently attempt to awaken Sir Harry into a discussion of this talent in his daughter; but as the Baronet had little taste for it, his approbation was cool, and the subject died away. Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that Lord Derham sought to ease his heart on this subject to Col. Walsingham; he found no cool reception there; his praises were re-echoed with an ardour, the extent of which he alone could have neglected to observe, for he thought no praise on this subject could be greater than his daughter merited. The efforts of genius are thoroughly felt by genius alone. The operations of such a mind

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as Miss Derham's would have exacted the praise of Walsingham, in any situation ; but viewed as the works of his cousin !—a stranger, who had chanced to overhear their conversation on this subject, would have accused Walsingham of gross flattery, or deep design, had not an earnestness of manner, and animation of countenance, a glistening eye which art cannot assume, forbidden the surmise. To the good father it appeared nothing extraordinary, and the discussion generally ended in Lord Derham's taking Walsingham by the hand, and saying, in short, " my dear Sydney, she is a most extraordinary girl."——

Walsingham's desire of hearing the praises of his lovely cousin, became
soon

soon adequate to Lord Derham's desire of repeating them ; in short they were soon their sole topic in a tête-à-tête, and these tête-à-têtes did not at all tend to the diminution of Walsingham's friendship and esteem for his amiable relation. He strolled with her frequently to Braddyl's cottage. They walked or rode together round the romantic borders of the Lake ; two hearts were never, probably, more alive to the beauties, and nature, probably, in no earthly situation, unfolds herself to the feeling heart, in more wild and winning charms, than in this lovely country.

Every scene became a study to Miss Derham, and Sydney found himself again enamoured of an art in which
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he had once excelled, but which he had long neglected ; in short, he took up the pencil again. Sir Harry Sapfworth was not frequently of these parties ; he sometimes, indeed, lounged with them to Braddyl's ; but he was generally engaged in researches too deep to permit the waste of a precious hour in gazing (as he would facetiously say) at brown rocks and basons of water. In short, he was at that time deep in the study of the three only authors, who have greatly concurred in forming the complete man of the town—the learned Hoyle. I beg no reader will disgrace him, by mistaking the initial of this name for a B—. The laborious Weatherby, compiler of the Racing Calender, and the illustrious sage, who furnishes the world annually

annually with a work of wit and erudition, called *The Court Calender*.—Thus passed the hours at *Derham-Down*, till the time approached which Lord *Derham* had fixed on for his departure to the metropolis; it was only a few days previous to this period that, upon the removal of the cloth after dinner, Lord *Derham* turned his eyes towards the door, to watch the last servant out of the room—filled his glass—pushed the bottle towards Colonel *Walsingham*, who sat next to him—drank the glass, which, with him, was always sacred to the health of his gracious master, and began as follows :

“ Sir *Harry*, as there are none but friends present, my cousin *Sydney* here

I honour and love ; he is to me a second self. Col. Walsingham bowed. I wish to talk to you on a few circumstances which occur to me as necessary arrangements previous to the period, when you will take from me a treasure, which, I think, few men have to bestow, and fewer still could bear the loss of. A tear stood in the good old man's eye. It is true, by heavens !" continued he ; " do not blush, my girl !"

" Come, Sir," cried Walsingham, in a voice half stifled, " drink your glass." The tone of his voice called the attention of Miss Derham towards him. He was pale—his hand trembled as he poured out the wine, and his eye met her's with an expression which

which conveyed to her heart, with the rapidity of the elective fire, a shock, which he had received from the speech of Lord Derham : In short, they became instantaneously acquainted with a truth, which they had, probably, before concealed from themselves. — Walsingham arose ; I have hurried this glass, my Lord, because I must leave you : I have letters to write."

" Do not leave us from ceremony," cried Lord Derham : " We have nothing to talk of but what you may hear, and what, indeed, you will gladly hear, as it concerns your cousin's future welfare." Walsingham bowed, and retired. —

Compelled

Compelled to open his eyes to his own situation, Walsingham had now time to muse on the danger of it, and he soon perceived that his only resource was flight; for a slighter sense of honour then reigned in his bosom, would have forbidden the bare thought of abusing Lord Derham's friendship, by the least attempt to throw an impediment in the way of a marriage, which he had planned, and the prospect of which he seemed to look up to with so much pleasure. Impressed with these sentiments, Walsingham would have quitted the Down immediately, could he have devised a ready excuse for such conduct: He began, however, to reflect that Lord Derham's stay at the Down would now be very short, and he determined to avoid
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the danger of any farther society with his too lovely cousin, by remaining in quarters instead of accompanying them to town, as he had at first proposed.

Miss Derham made much the same reflections. She had consented to marry Sir Harry, to whom she had no dislike, because that marriage was the desire of a father, whose slightest wish she had never known how to oppose. She felt uneasy on the first discovery of the situation of her heart; but she hoped, by absence and reason, to efface an impression, half of which she imputed to friendship and consanguinity.

From this period, to the day on which they departed for London,
Walsingham

Walsingham and Miss Derham scarcely ever met, for they studiously avoided each other; and so well had the former prepared himself for the hour of parting, that he looked pale indeed; but Miss Derham herself could scarcely discover the sigh, which he smothered as he handed her into the coach.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

A SKETCH BY MOON-LIGHT.

BEHIND Braddyl's cottage is a very steep ascent, planted with a few fruit trees, which hang over one another, and between which a path, or rather a flight of uncouth, irregular steps, winds along to the summit. On this summit is a stile, which commands an extensive view of the irregular beauties which nature has so lavishly bestowed on that part of our island. The moon suspended her silver lamp from a pure vault of unspotted azure. She rode in tranquil majesty—the scene

below the Cliff was but dimly discovered. The eye in vain sought for objects to which it was familiarized in the day time, and the void which possessed the spot where they were wont to appear, fixed on the mind a melancholy, though not unpleasing impression. Ned Sanford and his Betsey, allured by the beauty of the evening, had climbed the orchard path, and seated themselves on the stile. They amused themselves for some time in guessing at the form of those well-known objects, which were now scarcely visible, through the dim veil which was spread below the Cliff.

“ I do not know how it is,” cried Ned, that when one sees an extensive prospect, one always wishes to travel
over

over it, and yet one makes distinctions. When I look from here to the other side of the lake, I do not find the inclination very strong, and yet I would any day travel to the side of the lake for the pleasure of looking at this very stile, and thinking such a train of thoughts"—“What thoughts, Ned?”

“Why, in the first place, I call to mind that your cottage is just behind it, and then I guess at what you may be doing; but the hope of reaching the very spot at such an hour, leaping over the stile, running down the orchard path, and being received with an hearty welcome by your honest good father.”

“I do not know how it is,” cried Betsey; “but one’s heart is always so open of a fine moon-light night, the scene is so calm and serene, it throws

such a silver light —. Ned paused, and suddenly springing, with a most romantic gesture, threw himself on one knee at Betsey's feet, and cried,

" Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,

" That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops."

" Ah, Ned! Ned!" cried Betsey, " my poor boy! will you never leave off your idle tricks? Indeed," cried she, stroking his head as he rose, " you will never be rich if you go on so, and then you know —." Betsey was here interrupted by a cough—near her—not a violent one—but such as is produced by an attempt to check a laugh, and Colonel Walsingham turned short upon them. Since Lord Derham's departure for London, Colonel Walsingham

Walsingham had passed many hours at Braddyl's cottage ; if he had asked himself why he did so, I have no doubt he would have answered, that it was in compliance with the request of his Lordship and Miss Derham, who had resigned over the cottage, and its inhabitants, to his protection during their absence. Such might be his motive : It is certain, however, that he listened with wonderful attention to the good-natured garrulity of Mrs. Braddyl, who would have fatigued a more phlegmatic man with anecdotes of her dear young Lady : In truth, the good woman had stored a pretty tenacious memory with these tales, and there was scarcely a circumstance in Miss Derham's life, from the time when she first attempted to lisp out her little thoughts to that,

when, having quitted the family, Mrs. Braddyl had only been able to pick up these trifling stories from the other servants, which she could not most accurately relate, and which, indeed, was now almost the daily theme of her praise. One of these anecdotes particularly struck Walsingham; but whether from the old Lady's mode of telling the story, or from any thing inherent in itself, it may be difficult to determine. It was simply this, when she was about nine years old she was attacked by a cough, which gave her physicians some anxiety for her safety. They prescribed asses milk, and a she ass was kept in the Park for the purpose of supplying it. This ass was accompanied by a foal, which was generally

nerally muzzled, that it might not drain the mother of her milk.

There is an indescribable innocence in the countenance of these animals, and its successful endeavours to suck had long excited the pity of the lovely little mistress, when one morning her attendants missed her, and the house became instantaneously a scene of confusion and alarm. After a long search, she was at length found in the Park on her knees before her favorite foal, kissing * its innocent nose, and tearing her little fingers in attempts to free it from its restraints, by unbuckling the muzzle. This, would Walsingham exclaim, is a most lovely picture ! Nor do I know

F 4 by

• — And the big tears
Chac'd one another down its innocent nose.

SHAKESPEARE.

by what allegory Sir Joshua could half so beautifully, or half so truly, delineate Christian charity.

The young couple started as Walsingham approached, and there was light enough to discover that they blushed.—“So, Betsey,” cried the Colonel, “a moon-light night opens the—.” “Dear, Sir, do not”—“But there is something so still, and amidst that stillness the sound of the voice.” —

“How silver sweet sound lovers tongues by night!”

“You see, Ned, I can quote upon occasion,” resumed the Colonel. Ned blushed more deeply than before. At this moment the shrill voice of Mrs. Braddyl was heard,
“piercing

"piercing the night's dull ear," in quest of Betfy. My mother, as I live! cried Betfy; what shall I do? —

"Come," said Col. Walsingham, "I will go in with you: I came to pass half an hour with your father. Ned, go round, there is a good lad." —

"Dear, Sir, you need not mention Ned's being with me, because Mr. Black has given my mother a strange dislike to the poor boy, and, indeed, Sir, he does not deserve it."

Col. Walsingham promised to be silent on the subject; at the same time, however, he thought proper to talk a little seriously to Betfy: He represented her imprudence to her with affectionate warmth, and, it is probable, that his representations had more

effect on her, than the harsh lectures of her mother ; for she became grave during the rest of the evening, almost to tears. The beauty, good-nature, and unadorned understanding of this girl, attached him strongly ; but he had one motive which, perhaps, interested him more powerfully in her favour. She was the little darling of Miss Derham. He knew her anxiety for her welfare, and he looked upon her conduct as a sacred deposit, which he was bound to watch over during her absence. In these sentiments he was not a little assisted, by that pride which whispered to him, that his conduct on this occasion was the impulse of a fervent but disinterested love, as he had not dared to indulge the thought of seeing Miss Derham again,
but

but as the wife of Sir Harry Sapsworth ; and had persuaded himself, that he should see her in that situation with a heart resigned to its loss.

The evenings at Braddyl's cottage were not unpleasing to a man like Walsingham, who possessed a strong mind with no inconsiderable share of philosophy ; who, at an early age, initiated into the gayer scenes of life, had, from an eager pursuit of fashionable pleasures, lowered their estimation in his own mind to what was, perhaps, nearly their true standard ; and sudden disgust had not driven him to seek for all happiness in the contrary extreme. From long experience, and some reflection, he was led to draw this conclusion—that the true end of

fashionable pleasures is, to enhance the joys of retirement.

The clean state of Mrs. Braddyl's furniture — the pride which the old soldier expressed, in every action, at the Colonel's visit—the simple attachment of Ned and Betsey (to watch the minutest emotions of which was a grateful task to a stricken heart) concurred with the veneration for Miss Derham, which was the uninterrupted theme of the whole family, to render an evening at the cottage a frequent amusement to Colonel Walsingham; nor did an unbounded generosity of disposition render his visits less grateful to them.

Walsingham

Walsingham soon perceived that he had damped the joys of his little favourite Betsy, by the serious advice he had given her, and the demure frown of Mrs. Braddyl upon poor Ned's entrance at the front door, was but little calculated to raise her spirits. Ned was very quick-sighted, at an insult a flush of indignation overspread his face, and he hesitated whether he should enter the room, till Colonel Walsingham exclaimed, "Brother soldier! I am glad to see you." This welcome was repeated by old Braddyl, and Ned was encouraged to sit down; he soon forgot Mrs. Braddyl's solemnity, and his heart began to dilate: When he cast his eyes on Betsy, and his spirits sunk. Colonel Walsingham now perceived that he had damped the
joys

joys of the evening ; this his good-nature told him was unkind, however praise-worthy his intention might have been.

In the course of his serious conversation with Betsey, a scheme had suggested itself to him, which would, probably, contribute more to the safety of the girl, than any thing he could say, and might in the end become the foundation of her happiness in an union with her favourite Ned. This was no other than to take Ned into his service, in which situation, if he found the boy's disposition, as he believed it to be, really good, he thought he might meet with some opportunity of placing him above the reach of poverty. The same good-nature which suggested this scheme,

suggested

suggested to him also, that a hint of his intention, at this time, would more effectually contribute to the happiness of the little society in which he then sat, than any other mode he could devise.

In the course of the conversation he asked Ned if he understood a horse. Old Braddyl answered, "that it had been the boy's misfortune to be fond of a stable; it seldom leads to any good," added the old man. Walsingham, who felt that attachment strong in himself, smiled—"I am going to part with my groom, Ned; will you come and live with me?" Ned's eye glistened as he answered, "Will I, your honour?" Mrs. Braddyl lowered her spectacles to listen. Old Braddyl began

began to lecture Ned on his future behaviour.—Betsy clapped her hands, leaped, with a sudden emotion, from her chair, and in two minutes she saw Ned with a well-dressed head, a blue coat, and a scarlet waistcoat, with a gold lace, presiding at a side-board in the distinguished character of a butler.—“Ned,” cried she, with earnestness, “you must get rid of that little soldier’s cap.”—Walsingham burst into a laugh, and old Braddyl said, “he would hang it up in his parlour for Ned’s sake.” In short, it was late before the Colonel, who had ordered his horses to the Nag’s-Head, quitted the cottage, indulging himself in reflecting, at how small a price we may bestow an hour’s happiness on the heart of a fellow-creature.

Colonel

Colonel Walsingham had not long quitted the cottage before Betsy retired to bed, and Ned took his departure towards a peasant's hut, where he lodged, his heart highly elated with his promised promotion. Mr. Braddyl put on his red worsted night-cap, and Mrs. Braddyl unfastened a black silk roll, over which her grey locks were smoothly combed in the day-time : Braddyl stirred up the embers.—“ I am glad, Dame,” cried he, putting down the poker, “ that Ned is in such luck.”—“ I hope, my dear,” replied Mrs. Braddyl, demurely, “ that he may deserve it.”—“ I will answer for him,” said Braddyl.—“ Answer for him ! You are always ready to answer for other people. Mr. Black, who is a very sensible man, cannot bear him.”

“ No.

"No, because when he sits talking his infidelity and stuff here, to you and Betsey, the boy turns him into ridicule."

"Infidelity, indeed! Gentlemen of the town have more free maxims than we."—"He shall not let loose his free maxims among you and my girl, talking of the virtues and happiness of kept women—a parcel of well-drest b——!"—"For shame, Braddyl; he likes Luke Level; he says he has more sense in his little finger than Ned has in his whole body."—"Luke! a sneaking, canting rascal! They are just alike; that has made them so much together lately."—"He says, I shall never make any thing of my girl while that boy is about; and, indeed, she does grow very idle lately, always with a book in her hand, or some nonsense.

sense. She is old enough, as he says, to get a good place in London; but that boy has made her believe that our young Lady would be angry at the mention of such a thing."

The boy is right; he is a d——d clever boy, and the Colonel is a noble fellow, and so I shall draw another pint to drink his health in. This last declaration drew from Mrs. Braddyl some moral reflections, with an observation on the evil habit of swearing, and on temperance, to which Braddyl did not seem to pay much attention; he drank the Colonel's health, and they retired to bed.

CHAP. XI.

A WINTER PIECE.

DECEMBER had shed its chill influence over Windermere, which already became stained with descending torrents, the troubles of its bosom clouded the pure silver of its face; it seemed to mourn the loss of the sun, who, captivated by more southern beauties, seldom deigned to give it even a passing kiss; though not four months before he had slept the live-long summer day on its breast, when the veil of mist, which it generally assumed at the dawn and close of day,

was

was removed; it was removed like the veil of the mourner, to discover a melancholy and dreary aspect; the feathered choir which enlivened its banks were fled. In their place the wild water fowl was seen sometimes leading its varying files so high in air, that the gabbling murmur of their march could scarcely be heard, and sometimes dancing, in solitary state, upon its bosom.

It was one evening, at this season of the year, some time after the hint which Colonel Walsingham had given to Ned Sanford, that Braddyl's family met round the fire after the hours of work. The evening was bleak and dismal, and they contrived to expel it from a neat kitchen, where they sat, by making fast the windows and
doors,

doors, and keeping an extraordinary faggot on the fire. Ned had worked hard that day ; but more, perhaps, in contemplation of his future advancement, than in recompence for his labour : Mrs. Braddyl, who was a prudent woman, and really as fond of Ned as prudence can be of imprudence, asked him to sit down at the tea-table. I have said, that Mrs. Braddyl's kitchen was a neat one ; if there is such a being as the Deity of Comfort, this little spot might well be stiled his temple : It was a good sized square room, with a floor of brick, which it was Mrs. Braddyl's pride to keep as red as her husband's night-cap. The walls were white-washed, a circumstance which, indeed, you could not very well discover, as they were almost covered with

with utensils of various kinds; rows of pewter plates, which might serve for mirrors — saucepans, frying-pans, warming-pans, and all the pans that ever were invented, in the same state of polish. An old farm-house kitchen chimney occupied almost one side of the room, within which were seats, calculated to baffle the efforts of even a Greenland frost. The hearth was raised for the purpose of burning wood, with which it was plentifully supplied, for the patronage of Lord Derham had placed Braddyl in very easy circumstances. The little round three-legged deal table was placed before the fire with the tea things. Betsy was occupied in making a toast, which Ned struggled for, and took from her, in tenderness to her complexion, after

she had almost burnt her eyes out : In short, the hour of tea passed in a state of bliss, which would be poorly described by saying that kings might envy it. The tea things were removed, Mrs. Braddyl and Betsey produced their work, which consisted of divers repairs in the garments of old Braddyl, who began to light a pipe in the chimney corner.

“ Do, Burley,” cried Betsey, “ tell us some story, or read something to us while we are at work.” — “ Aye do,” added old Braddyl and Dame ; “ I am fure the porker has been cut up long enough ; do let us have a bit of griskin for supper : I am plaguy hungry, and I am fure Ned’s threshing has got him an appetite.” — “ With all my heart,

heart, dear," replied Mrs. Braddyl.—
 "Come, Ned," cried Betfy.—"I do not recollect any Betfy, and I have no book about me."—"What was that you was going to read to me this morning?"—"That was poetry."—"Come, let us have that."—Ned began to blush. "But your father and mother will not like that."—"Indeed, Ned, but I do like poetry," cried Mrs. Braddyl; "there are so many fine words in it, and they chime so at the end of the line."—"As for me," said old Braddyl, "I like poetry when it is sense. Now, "The unthrifty Heir of Lynn, or "The Dragon of Wantley," or "Chevy Chace." "Come, Ned, fire away, my boy; you will not talk nonsense, I am sure."—"Bet," (some ale wench) "I do not like a

dry pipe, and Ned shall wet his whistle."

"Do not begin before I come again, then Ned," cried Betsy, with the most anxious tone of voice. Ned sprang up, pinned her down in her chair, drew the ale himself, and, pulling a paper out of his pocket, read, in an animated tone, as follows :

A B A L L A D.

LONG upon the night had roll'd

The thunder of the evening gun,

And the pickets long had form'd,

Guided by the setting sun.

Midnight veil'd the silent plain,

Dimly was the white camp seen ;

Whose but Fanny's printless foot

Lightly treads the dusky green ?

Near

Near the wakeful quarter guard

Many a hollow step resounds ;

Brisk the sentry's challenge flies,

Answer'd by the wary rounds.

Silent as they pass along,

And their footsteps die away ;

Lo ! a shadowy form is seen,

Faintly through the twilight grey.

Henry's rattling arms are heard,

For the watch word as he calls—

“ Sentry ! ah ! forbear to fire,

“ Or thy comrade's Fanny falls !”

“ And is it thou ?” fond Henry cries ;

“ Friend advance, devoid of fear,

“ And the countersign disclose,

“ Breathe it gently in my ear.”

" 'Tis love !" replied the blushing maid,

As upon his neck she hung ;

" To-morrow when the line is form'd—"

Swelling sorrow check'd her tongue.

Every tender tear she sheds

Fills his manly heart with grief,

When the corporal's voice is heard,

" Turn out, turn out the relief."

Rising from the rustling straw,

Up the sturdy foldier springs,

Joying in his idler fate,

Where the drum-boy sits and sings.

" Prithce, corp'ral, at my prayer,

" Guard my Fanny to the lines ;

" Yonder, at her father's hut,

" See a watch-light dimly shines."

" What !

"What ! is this Old Soaker's girl ?

"Come with me, love, never fear,

"I will place you near his post.

"He is sergeant of the rear."

She at Henry cast a glance,

Mingling soft reproach with sorrow ;

"Cruel ! thus to force me hence !

"And the line to move to-morrow !"

Scarcely had the morning grey

Deck'd the misty mountain's side,

Hastily along the front,

When we saw the general ride.

Soon the pickets all came in,

Not a drum was heard to found ;

But the columns duly form'd,

March'd in silence from their ground.

By the turning of a wood,
 From a bold commanding height,
 Soon a strong and steady fire
 Open'd fiercely on our right.

" Pass the word to form the line,
 For the General now discerns
 Squadrons wheeling upon our left ;
 " Forward !" —How the battle burns !

Long and bloody is the fight,
 Ere the foe begins to yield ;
 But the gay meridian sun
 Sees us masters of the field.

'Midst her Henry's comrades now
 See the trembling Fanny flies ;
 For her lover's well-known form,
 Darting her inquiring eyes.

" Where

" Where shall I my Henry find ?

" Prithee, gentle soldier, tell

" Where—Ah ! fie upon these tears !

" Where he is—or where he fell !"

" Lovely girl, I have not seen

" Henry since a heavy fire,

" By unequal numbers pour'd,

" Made our gallant corps retire."

" There our captain too was lost."

Tears bedew'd the soldier's eyes ;

Fanny, heaving one sad sigh,

Breathless now before him lies.

One who mark'd her fading form,

Sink beneath her fond alarms ;

Rush'd impetuous to her aid,

And receiv'd her in his arms.

G 4

" Henry

" Henry here !" the soldier cries,

At the magic of that name ;

The vigour which had almost left

Revisited her tender frame.

" Henry," cries a sergeant near,

" Here thy name in orders see."

" From this moment thou, my lad,

" Hast a right to roll with me."

" For thy captain, who to none

" Doth in worth, or valour yield ;

" Vaunts aloud they bold return,

" To bear him from the bloody field.

" And here his bounties but begin,

" So he wills me to declare."

" Oh ! be he for those bounties blest,

" Since this and all must Fanny share."

Ned

Ned was happy enough to have this little specimen applauded by his whole audience, which, indeed, only consisted of the persons above-mentioned, for it was Wednesday, and Luke Level was gone to an evening meeting. — Mrs. Braddyl, however, mixed her praise with some little censure; for there were not quite fine words enough in it for her taste, and Braddyl himself had taken his pipe from his mouth to make a few observations, inspired by the all-potent and universal spirit of criticism, when a knock at the door interrupted him. Ned ran to open the door, where he found three men, two of whom only he knew; one of them, who happened to be constable of the parish, asked for neighbour Braddyl, and they all entered the

G 5

kitchen.

kitchen. Braddyl, according to his custom, made them all sit down, before he would suffer them to speak a word ; when the constable, turning towards the stranger, who was a very shabby looking fellow, asked him if he knew any body in that room.

The fellow answered, without hesitation, " Yes, that is the young man, and I will swear to him." This declaration, obscure as it was, caused an universal alarm among the inhabitants of the cottage, and this obscurity only ceased to convert that alarm into the most dreadful consternation, upon the constable's turning to Ned, with these words : " Burley, I am sorry for you ; but you are charged with a footpad robbery."

Poor

Poor Betfy, pale as death, stammered out—how!—when!—where!—he has not been from us!—Many months ago, replied the constable, at Marston. Here Betfy gave a faint shriek, and fell back in her chair. Ned, Braddyl and his wife, all flew to her in an instant: It is an infamous accusation, cried Ned; as I hope for eternal mercy it is false. Poor Betfy was carried up stairs by her mother, where we will leave her for the present. The feeling mind will pourtray to itself, in stronger colours than it is possible for me to bestow on it, the aggravated distress of her tender, honest, little heart on this occasion, nor do I think the good-natured reader will thank me for dwelling on the subject. Poor Braddyl, scarcely more alive than his daughter, asked of the

stranger the particulars of the transaction, who bluntly told him, that he reserved them for the ear of the magistrate, before whom he desired the boy might be carried. The constable told him it was impossible, as the nearest magistrate lived at some distance. Braddyl then said to the constable, "Neighbour, will you trust the boy with me to-night; he shall be forth coming."

Ned, checking as well as he could the tear which struggled in his eye, thanked Braddyl for his friendship; but told him, he was resolved to submit to the utmost rigour of his fate. He then took Braddyl in his arms, "God for ever bless you, Sir," cried he, "I shall never forget your kindness,

ness, whatever may happen to me. God bless you and your family. He could get no farther ; he loosed Braddyl from his embrace, and turned away.

Braddyl drew his right-hand across his brow, and squeezed Ned's hand with his left, but said nothing. He recovered his voice, however, before they had reached the wicket gate, told Ned to keep up his spirits, and he would attend him to the justices in the morning. The stranger retired to the Nag's Head, where he had taken up his quarters. The constable, who was a farmer in the village, and a good-natured fellow, gave Ned a bed in his own house, whither he retired to spend a miserable night ; nor was the horror

of his situation a little increased by the destruction of those hopes which Col. Walsingham had given him, and on which he had raised a most magnificent structure ; for poor Ned, among other misfortunes which he possessed in common with men of genius, was a great castle builder.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

AN EXAMINATION BY A MAGISTRATE IN A SINGULAR STYLE.

THE next morning Ned, accompanied by the stranger, the constable and Braddyl, was carried before Mr. Wharton, who happened to be the nearest acting magistrate. Mr. Wharton, who, as Ned had told the Colonel, was one of his best masters, was very much surprised, and really concerned at seeing him in that situation. He took his chair, with a countenance in which much concern was visible. The prosecutor was called

up, and, previous to his being sworn, received a very solemn admonition (an admonition more necessary than fashionable) from the justice; to every period of which he answered, lifting his eyes and his right-hand to heaven, "God forbid that he should forswear himself to take away a fellow creature's life! When the book was offered him he refused, after the ordinary form, to put his lips to it; but insisted after what he termed, the form of his own church, to be sworn with the right-hand on the book, and the left held up, observing, that it might appear over nice; but an oath was a solemn thing, and on that point he had scruples. He then gave a clear and circumstantial account of his robbery, nearly as follows: That he was clerk

to

to an attorney in London ; that, at the time the robbery was committed, he was going to see some relations, who lived at a town about forty miles lower down in the country ; that in his journey he stopped at Marston, to take some refreshment ; and that, in the dusk of the evening, as he was going out of town, he was followed by the prisoner and a foldier, whom he did not recollect ; that the prisoner seized him, while the other man stood aloof, and robbed him of his watch and money ; that, on his return through Derham, after having spent some time with his relation, he saw the prisoner, and immediately recollected him.

The justice then desired that he would fix the precise time of the transaction,

action, and, after some hesitation, he said seven o'clock. Poor Ned was then, with great mildness, asked what he had to say to the charge? He answered, as God is my judge, I never saw that man before in my life! I am as innocent as you, Sir! The justice desired he would recollect, if possible, where and how he spent the evening on which the robbery was said to be committed.—Were you at Marston? added he.—I certainly was, Sir, said Ned.—Do you recollect who were your companions on this evening. — Ned paused at this question; a deep blush suffused his face, and he stammered out, that it was so long ago he could not recollect. The countenance of Mr. Wharton fell. — Poor Braddyl looked wild, and the prosecutor assumed

a double degree of demureness.—“Do, child,” cried Braddyl, “recollect who might be in your company in the course of this unfortunate evening.” “Unfortunate, indeed, Sir!” sighed Ned.—“Perhaps some of Col. Walsingham’s regiment?”—“I think so, Sir,” added Ned; “but I cannot tell who, at any particular hour.”

Mr. Wharton again cautioned the prosecutor against swearing rashly on such an occasion, and again questioned him as to the identity of the boy. — The prosecutor’s recollection seemed to have acquired new force. He again swore to his perfect knowledge of his person; and the duty of his office compelled Mr. Wharton to sign his commitment.

As

As the poor lad quitted the room, however, he desired him, in a gentle tone of voice, not to be cast down, assuring him, that, if he was innocent, he should suffer no injury. When the room was cleared, Mr. Wharton called poor Braddyl, who followed the constable, more dead than alive, into his study.—“ Braddyl,” said he, “ though there is some mystery in this poor boy’s conduct, I myself think he is innocent: I would not have his mind contaminated by the society of a prison. You mean, I suppose, to accompany him to his place of confinement ?” — Braddyl answered, that he did.—Stay then, said he, till I write a note to the gaoler ; he will, I am sure, at my request, provide this boy with a separate room. — Braddyl thanked him, with
tears

tears in his eyes, declaring, at the same time, that his intention in accompanying Ned to the prison was to make the same request.—It will, however, be probably better done in this way, said Wharton, giving him the note, with which Braddyl followed the party to a public-house in the village, from whence they immediately set forward for the county gaol.

On their journey, for which honest Braddyl was at the expence of a post-chaise, poor Ned seemed wholly oppressed with gratitude toward his liberal benefactor, whom he thanked, more with tears than words ; nor was such homage unaccepted by the generous old foldier, though his mind was little alive to science, his heart was feelingly
awake

awake to virtue. The sacrifice of a tear was acknowledged, though not analyzed ; nor did the most stifled sob of poor Ned pass unnoticed : He registered them all, and placed them on the debtor's side, with as much accuracy as he would formerly have bestowed on the company's pay bill, in the great account of gratitude.

After a melancholy journey, for the constable, unhacknied in scenes of which he was, according to the modern phrase, much in the habits, in an obscure part of Westmoreland, consigned his prey over to the gaoler, with rather more remorse than would have been felt by a Bow-street runner. Poor Ned took possession of his new quarters, where the gaoler, upon the perusal of
of

of the magistrate's note, assured Braddyl he should want for nothing, and the disconsolate old man returned, fondly preparing a detail of the comforts of poor Ned's situation, to counteract the melancholy news of his commitment ; nor was his knowledge of human nature a little conspicuous in this arrangement, poor Betsey, and even her mother ; for Mrs. Braddyl was from this misfortune become Ned's firm friend, and even censured Mr. Wharton for committing him—wept over the poor boy's misfortunes, till they were naturally led on to inquire how he was probably employed at that juncture. Braddyl seized that opportunity to descant on the comforts of his apartment, the protection of
the

the justice, and the politeness of the gaoler, till Mrs. Braddyl began to think it might turn out better than they expected; nay even a lucky thing for the boy and poor Betsy, though her morning pillow was wet with her tears, found a ray of comfort gleam through the hours of the night, and cherished a beam of hope amidst all the gloom of woe.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY PROCEEDS.

AFTER some consideration, Brad-
dyl resolved to apply, in Ned's
favour, to Colonel Walsingham, greatly
induced to it by Betsey's conviction of
the Colonel's goodness of heart, and
of Ned's innocence; when, to his
infinite concern, he heard that the
Colonel had left the country on the
preceding day; so that his good wishes
were all that he at present could bestow
on poor Ned, whom we likewise are
compelled (for a while) to leave to
the persecution of his evil genius. —

VOL. I.

H

Wal-

Walsingham had set out for Paris, at the earnest request of an uncle, who had been taken ill there on his return from the south of France, where he had for some years resided, in the hope of repairing a constitution, which had severely suffered from a life of gaiety and dissipation. He spent some months with his uncle, and at length accompanied his lifeless corpse to England, to place it in the family vault. During his illness, the unaffected attention of Sidney, who, improbable as it may appear, felt himself really more interested in his present situation, than future arrangements, so intirely won his heart, that he bequeathed to him his whole estate, contrary to a former avowed intention of leaving a considerable.

derable share of it to more distant relations.

After attending his uncle's funeral in Hampshire, and taking possession of the family estate, Walsingham set out for the metropolis to make his friend and patron (Lord Derham) happy, by the communication of his present good fortune, and not, perhaps, without a wish lurking in his heart, to view that face once more, which had long been the object of more than the most exalted admiration. Nor is it improbable that, in the absence of Miss Derham, he felt a void in his breast, which the new splendour of his situation could but poorly supply.

Walsingham scarcely staid to dress before he flew to Lord Derham's, when the porter, in return to his inquiry, with his usual sang froid, asked his name.—“There is little occasion for that ceremony, I believe,” said he.—“Walsingham — Colonel Walsingham.” The servant, whom the porter rang for, carried up the name, and returned to tell him that his Lord was not at home.—“Not at home; surely you mistook the name!” “Col. Walsingham, Sir,” “that is right.”—“At what time is your Lord visible in the morning?”—“Generally from ten to twelve, Sir.”—“I will call to-morrow.” He called the next day, and received an answer, which convinced him that all future efforts to enter that house would be vain. —

“My

"My Lord, Sir, is out of town." —

"And Miss Derham?" — "Is with his Lordship, Sir." Walsingham quitted the door in a state of mind difficult to be described: Grief and anger bore alternate sway in his bosom, each deeply perplexed as to its true object. That the family were out of town Walsingham did not for a moment believe; he therefore resolved to watch them attentively, that, if their own doors were impregnable, he might, either by meeting them at the house of a third person, or at a public place, endeavour to procure some explanation of a conduct, which appeared to him at once so mysterious and unjust.

After many a week spent in fruitless attendance on places of public amuse-

ment, he discovered Miss Derham in the pit at the Opera, in company with another Lady, and Sir Harry Sapsforth. It was a crowded night, and he could not, by any effort, get near enough to speak to her during the piece. He stood, however, in Fop's-Alley, and was probably thought to be displaying a person indisputably as elegant as any in the house, while his every thought was engaged on catching the eye of one woman. In this he was at length successful : Miss Derham looked accidentally at the spot where he stood. The moment he caught her eye he bowed. The smile which had decked her face fled. She blushed deeply, and scarcely returning his bow, leaned towards the Lady, who sat next to her; nor could he catch her eye
once

once again during the course of the evening. When the Opera concluded, Walsingham lay in wait for her party, resolving to intercept them in their progress to the carriage. When the well-dressed crowd had, in some measure, subsided, he perceived Sir Harry advancing with the two Ladies under his care.—“Sir Harry,” said he, with firmness, “you want assistance.” Sir Harry, who stood rather behind the women, thanked him, and, pointing to the other Lady, attempted to take the hand of Miss Derham, when he perceived that Walsingham had been too quick for him, and decency compelled him to transfer his attention to her companion.

In conducting Miss Derham to the carriage, he begged, for God's sake, to know the meaning of his unaccountable reception, after a long absence. The Lady kept, notwithstanding all his efforts to part them, assiduously conversing with her female companion, till wearied at length with his intreaties, she replied, just as she was stepping into the coach, "Surely, Mr. Walsingham, this question is very absurd, when the cause is so glaring."

CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

WALSINGHAM'S PERPLEXITY, IN SOME
MEASURE, UNRAVELLED.

THIS answer was more calculated to turn poor Walsingham's brain, than to afford him any consolation. He continued, however, in town, still in hopes that he might unravel this mystery, till he began seriously to reflect that his duty would require his presence in Westmoreland, for he had promised the major, who was then with the corps, to relieve him about that time. When strolling one morning to see the Coldstream

H 5

regiment

regiment mount guard on the Parade in St. James's Park, he perceived Lord Derham in conversation with the Duke of York, who was looking at the regiment. Walsingham walked with some officers of his acquaintance, till Lord Derham took his leave of the Duke, and the guard marched off. Walsingham then perceived Lord Derham in company with a general officer, walking towards the spot where he stood. He advanced toward him, and bowed, distantly, indeed, but respectfully. Lord Derham at first looked at him, as if he meant to pass him without notice; but seeming suddenly to recollect both their situations, he pulled off his hat, made a low, though hasty, bow, and passed him. Walsingham's heart was torn with grief and indignation;

indignation; nor could all his respect, his veneration for his Lordship's character, repress the soldier's feelings at a treatment which he held contemptuous. His blood boiled within him, and he was more than once tempted to call on the father of Miss Derham, and the guide and protector of his youth, for an explanation of such conduct. In this state of mind he quitted the Park, without any particular destination for the morning, when, as he was sauntering through Bond-Street, he heard his name repeated from a window. He looked up, and was beckoned to by his old fellow soldier, Wharton, who had the day before arrived in town, on particular business.

The countenance of a real friend, in such a situation, was like a beacon to the benighted sailor. He flew up to his apartment, and in a few minutes eased his heart of a load of anguish, by communicating the mysterious conduct of Lord Derham to his friend. The result of this confidence was, that Wharton, the moment he was dressed, instead of pursuing his own affairs, waited on my Lord Derham, to beg that he would indulge Walsingham with half an hour's conversation. — "Oh! most willingly, Sir," cried Lord Derham, "if Mr. Walsingham has any thing to say to me." Wharton then explained to him, that, so far from making the request with a view to any thing like hostility, Walsingham's only wish was to know the foundation of a conduct.

conduct in Lord D. which to him appeared mysterious.—“ Sir,” replied Lord D. dryly, “ I have nothing to object to Mr. Walsingham, every man’s conduct is in his own breast; but, I hope, I may be allowed to select my friends ; as to the rest, I am not at all conscious of having failed in the respect due to a gentleman, when I had the honour of meeting Mr. Walsingham to-day. Wharton now began to plead his friend’s cause with energy ; he represented to Lord Derham the effect of his behaviour towards a man, who so highly respected and loved him : In short, he drew such a picture of Colonel Walsingham’s state of mind, that the good old Peer was softened, and begged Wharton would bring him to dinner.

The

The hour of dinner arrived, and the two friends attended. The few minutes before dinner were spent in cold and common place observations. In the dining-room they found Miss Derham, who received them with a freezing politeness. The conversation at table wore the same constraint as before, and, as soon as she could decently quit the desert, Miss Derham retired. Lord Derham then looked stedfastly in Walsingham's face—"Walsingham," cried he, "what have you done with that unfortunate girl?" Walsingham received the question with a stare of astonishment, during which he seemed striving to collect his bewildered senses. "Unfortunate girl, my Lord!" repeated he, in the name of heaven, what girl?" Lord Derham paused, and

and fixed his eyes on Colonel Walsingham's countenance, with a most scrutinizing severity.—“My lad,” said he, “I believe you would not tell me a falsehood.”—“Your Lordship does me too much honour,” replied Walsingham, with some little acrimony in his tone.

“Forgive me, Colonel, on a subject like this : Do you, upon your honour, know nothing of the carpenter's little daughter, at Derham ?” Walsingham again paused in surprise.—“Upon my honour, no my Lord. Your question has astonished me. Your Lordship means Braddyl's daughter.”—“I do.”—“Then, if I understand your Lordship, she is missing.”—“She is.”—“If I had any thing more sacred than

my honour, I would pledge it to your Lordship, that this is the first word I have heard of it; and your Lordship may believe me, that the news affects me very much." He paused again.—

"You amaze me," cried Wharton:

"I understood she was gone to see a relation."—"So the poor parents have

reported," said Lord Derham.—"If

your Lordship," resumed Walsingham,

could suppose me guilty of an act so

infamous!—I no longer—and yet, my

Lord, give me leave to say, that no

flight surmise—a seducer! and a

seducer, under such circumstances too!"

"Why, you know, Walsingham, as

well as I do, that young men are apt

to look, with too indulgent an eye, on

this crime. My proofs, however, are

not very slight, and nothing but the de-

testation

testation of falsehood, which I know to be inherent in you, both as a man and a soldier, could easily have wiped away the impression they had made on my mind. It is but justice to myself, however, to produce these proofs, and he rang for Miss Derham.—“My dear girl! have you those letters from poor Braddyl?” Miss Derham produced them, and Lord Derham read as follows :

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

MISS DERHAM.

Honoured Miss, and my dear respected young Lady.

“**H**OPING you are in better state of mind than I am at this writing.

writing. O, Miss! the cruellest misfortune has happened to myself, and also to my poor husband; for he certainly doated on the girl, and yet it was very cruel in the hussy to serve us so; but sure, Miss, with due respect to you, it was an inhuman and base action of the Colonel, as we suspect of him with strong reason; dear Miss, not a great while before Betsey went off, my husband and I recollect the moon shone as bright as day. Betsey was out strolling in the orchard, as she was sometimes fond for an hour together, and when I called her the Colonel came in with her; and she said she had been at the stile, on the brow, which your Ladyship used to love so, looking at the prospect; but, dear Miss, what prospect can there be on a moon-light night;

night; and we recollect, that the Col. used always to be very fond, which we used to be pleased with, and thought no harm; but, Miss, the convincing proof that he has taken her off is, that we received this letter from her, signed at Dover, which is in the road to France, as I hear, where the Colonel is gone; to be sure we thought she was gone to gaol to see Ned Sanford."

"How, cried Colonel Walsingham, is that boy in prison too!" But I beg pardon—"who was sent there for a robbery? But that was not the case—my distress of mind is so great, that I could not be easy without making my dear young Lady a partaker of it; as my dear Miss Derrum always expressed such a fondness for the poor child.

child. Dear Miss, it makes my heart bleed when I think of her ; so remains

Your faithful servant to command,

MARTHA BRADDYL."

"What is the letter inclosed?" cried Walsingham, with great eagerness. Miss Derham opened it, and proceeded :

Dear Father and Mother,

"**I** ADDRESS you these few lines not to be alarmed at my unexpected absence. Every body has their fated moment : Mine is come, and who knows but the amiable man I am now with, and you all know him, and re-
spect

spect him, may return me to your arms in a situation which will do us all credit, and convert the present misfortune into a blessing. Once more I beg you will not be uneasy, which is the cause of my writing. So no more at present,

From your dutiful daughter,

ELIZABETH BRADDYL."

Capt. Wharton could scarcely help smiling at some parts of Mrs. Braddyl's letter, notwithstanding the real affliction with which the subject of it overwhelmed him, for he knew enough of these honest people to esteem them sincerely. But Betsy's letter was no sooner finished than Colonel Walsingham,

ham, starting from his chair, exclaimed, "This is some infamous forgery; that little girl has, at least, too much understanding to have scribbled such miserable nonsense as this."

"Ah! Sydney," cried Lord Derham, "do not deceive yourself; her poor afflicted father has been to town since; he is but too well acquainted with her hand-writing, and certainly had convinced me (pardon me, Sydney) that you were her seducer.—Poor fellow, it hurt him. Walsingham, it added to his grief, that the injury should be done to him by a soldier." Here Wharton could scarcely forbear smiling again.

"Hear

"Hear me, my Lord," cried Walsingham, "By all that I hold most sacred, I know nothing of this poor little girl. By your friendship — by that with which (here he faltered) I was once honoured by my lovely cousin. I have been basely calumniated; but I am every way interested in the discovery of this mystery, as well for my own sake as for that of her family, whom I really esteem. When I have the honour of seeing your Lordship again, I hope I shall, at least, have developed enough of this transaction, to convince you of my innocence. However I may fail in my endeavours to restore happiness to poor Braddyl's family, towards which I scarcely need assure your Lordship, my most sanguine efforts shall not be wanting.

Colonel

Colonel Walsingham now bowed, and was retiring, when Miss Derham said, in a faint, but sweet tone of voice—"If you restore my little girl to me, cousin Sydney, you cannot conceive how happy you will make me."

Walsingham felt all the good-nature of this little advance towards a reconciliation; he considered it as a propitiation for former suspicions, and he retired more perplexed indeed, but less distressed than when he entered the doors of Derham-house: Nor will this, to the reader of sagacity, be difficult to reconcile with the very deep concern he felt for the misfortune which had fallen on the honest family of Braddyl.

CHAP.

C H A P. XV.COLONEL WALSINGHAM BEGINS HIS
SEARCH.

IT will, no doubt, occur to many persons as a singular circumstance in the progress of this history, that Miss Derham should still have retained the maiden name, after what so long ago passed at Lord Derham's table relative to her marriage with Sir Harry. The truth is, that the Lady herself was the cause of procrastinating the intended nuptials, by requesting of her father sufficient time to become farther acquainted with the man to

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whom, in all human probability, she was destined to unite her fate : So considerable a portion of that time had, however, now elapsed, without the discovery of any greater foibles in Sir Harry, than those which are the portion of most young men of fashion, that Miss Derham, who scarcely knew any earthly thing more sacred with her than the wishes of her father, did not think herself authorized to oppose the most sanguine of those wishes any longer.

As for Colonel Walsingham he now threw all other business aside, that he might apply himself seriously to the discovery of poor Braddyl's daughter. The first thing that suggested itself to his mind was a journey to Paris ; but,
as

as he could not persuade himself to look upon the letter which bore Betsey's signature in any other light than that of a forgery, he judged it most proper to begin his researches in London, while he wrote to a confidential friend in Paris, who was requested to make every search in his power after a young person answering to the description he gave him of Betsey, and, if he should discover her, to give him immediate notice.

On the receipt of which, he purposed setting out immediately for France. Colonel Walsingham now began his operations in pursuance of the scheme he had adopted for the discovery of poor Betsey. He frequented all public places, and often

took the round of them all in the course of the evening. He visited daily some of those houses to which the seduced and forsaken female flies as a miserable shelter against famine and nakedness, expecting, yet shuddering at the expectation, to find the wretched little wanderer among them. He dedicated some hours to the conversation of those discreet matrons who, under the shew of some trade suitable to their sex, have a private room for the accommodation of their friends ; in short, who, though their shop windows are decorated with black silk bags for the hair, with a pair or two of point ruffles, or three or four yards of ribbon waving over a gauze curtain, boast of no customers but those who take tea in their back parlour.

lour. As these discreet females have always the earliest intelligence of the fresh faces on town, and as Walsingham was persuaded that Betsy was too beautiful to remain long unnoticed, he judged that he might be enabled to trace her through their assistance ; but, after wasting some time in the pursuit, he was compelled to give it over as fruitless. He now began a little to regret the declaration he had made when he left Lord Derham, which strongly implied a resolution not to see him again till he had gained intelligence sufficient, at least to wipe away all suspicion from his own character, particularly as he heard that Sir Harry Sapsworth was there every day, and that the preparations for the celebration of his nuptials with Miss

Derham were in great forwardness. But this circumstance, as soon as his attachment to his lovely cousin would permit the voice of reason, and the nice dictates of honour to be attended to, appeared to him the most incontrovertible argument for persevering in his resolution, and he continued his hopeless search, avoiding still the hospitable doors of Derham-house.

Captain Wharton, who had remained in town longer than he had at first intended, to assist his friend in a search, in which he also felt himself much interested, was now compelled to leave him. The assizes were about to be held, at which poor Ned was to take his trial; and as Wharton's sense of right would not permit him to neglect

a single effort towards the support of a forlorn and deserted fellow creature, against a charge of which he believed him innocent, to his attachment to this poor lad, founded upon a firm opinion, that his mind was, both as to capacity and rectitude, of a superior mould, interested his heart in his favour, which told him, that a protection once afforded was a double duty, when the object of it laboured under any calamity, till it should be fully proved, that that calamity was brought on by some circumstance which rendered the continuance of that protection criminal.

Urged by these motives, Wharton took his leave of his friend Walsingham, who would have accompanied

him, to afford what assistance he could to his unfortunate protégé, had not the business in which he had engaged himself rendered his stay in town absolutely necessary : He comforted himself, however, that, through the zeal and power of his friend Wharton, the lad would be as well taken care of, as if he should himself be present.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

A VISIT TO A PRISON.

THE moment which was to determine poor Ned's fate now approached. The judge arrived in town—the commission was opened—all was bustle and merriment—and not a sad face was seen on the outside of the castle walls, within which poor Ned and his fellow prisoners were immured. Among them, indeed, painful anxiety began to shew her face, and terror and despair followed close at her heels. Ned, perhaps, was the only

one among them who wished ardently for the moment in which his confidence, in the justice of his country, told him he must be set at liberty, wholly exonerated from the odious calumny which now oppressed him. His anxiety for the fate of his beloved Betsy, indeed, preyed so incessantly on his mind, and its effects were very visible to Capt. Wharton, who visited him on the day preceding his trial. This gentleman was shocked at the extreme wretchedness which sat on his countenance.

“ My good lad,” said he, “ you must not suffer yourself to be thus overwhelmed by your misfortunes ; it is the duty of a man to bear up against them ; comfort yourself in the hope

that to-morrow will, in all human probability, put an end to them."

"Ah, Sir!" cried Ned, "it is not for myself: I should be a fool, indeed, if I grieved at that; but, Sir, the—accident—which has happened in my worthy friend Braddyl's family." Here his voice failed him. He clapped his handkerchief to his eyes, and, turning from Mr. Wharton, walked towards the window, and, after a momentary pause, continued, "but of all men, that Colonel Walsingham,—that—that pains me doubly, Sir!" Wharton immediately undeceived him, as to the part which he supposed Colonel Walsingham to have acted, and assured him, that the search he was engaged in after poor Betsy, had alone prevented

his attending to give him what assistance he could on the day of trial. At this intelligence Ned's contending passions could no longer be suppressed—the tears gushed from his eyes—he sobbed aloud—he seized Wharton's hand, and pressing it on his swelling heart—"You have relieved me, Sir," said he, as soon as he could speak, "from a load of sorrow. All my future life shall be passed in striving at least to shew my gratitude to you, Sir, and to the gentleman whom I have so much injured by my suspicions."

Captain Wharton now left him, and Ned awaited the moment of his trial, with a mind more at ease than it had been since he first heard of Betsey's flight;

flight; he had felt that extreme pain which wrings the ingenuous mind, when it finds itself compelled to retract that esteem which it now, for the first time, perceives may be too warmly and too hastily bestowed, when it first discovers the necessity of a connection with so cold and forbidding a friend as caution. From this pain he was at once relieved by the intelligence which had been communicated to him by Mr. Wharton; and, as his spirits began to dilate, he soothed himself with the airy hope, that Colonel Walsingham's endeavours might be crowned with success, and his Betsy once more smile upon him in the happy chimney corner of Braddy's cottage.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

A TRIAL AT LAW.

THE eventful morning now arrived, which was to decide on the fate of poor Ned. The trumpet of the javelin men was heard to bray—the judge took his seat—the court was opened—the jury sworn—and Edward Sanford arraigned; for Capt. Wharton, who was all anxiety for the event, had obtained from the judge the favour of having this trial appointed as the first in the morning.

Wharton,

Wharton, who would leave nothing undone in support of a cause which he firmly believed to be that of truth and justice, had procured for Ned the assistance of a gentleman at the bar, distinguished at a very early period of life for the most brilliant talents; and, as he was peculiarly endowed with a wonderful quickness of conception, and clearness of comprehension, he was peculiarly qualified for the task of cross-examining witnesses, the only mode in which a counsel is permitted to exert himself in favour of a prisoner in a case of felony. If the admiration, which such uncommon talents commanded, knew any alloy, it was from the disgust which was frequently excited by the severity with which he pursued his investigations. It is, indeed,

deed, difficult for an audience, unaccustomed to the scene, to conceive how many of the most depraved and abandoned of mankind infest the tribunals of justice. This is particularly the case in courts of criminal jurisdiction; and when a wretch of this stamp arises, with a previous well-regulated design, to perjure himself in every syllable he utters, it is alone, by an acute and severe investigation, that those inconsistencies, which must attend the best framed system of falsehood, can be exposed.

At the same time it must be confessed, that, to make use of that unfeeling severity towards every witness who arises, whatever may be his situation, betrays an ignorance in men
and

and manners, which one finds it difficult to account for in those whose education ought to be liberal, and whose minds enlarged with more than mere professional acquisitions. This, however, was not often the failing of the gentleman who had undertaken the cause of poor Edward.

As soon as Ned was put to the bar, William Jones, the prosecutor was called. A plain decent man now came forward, and so well-drest, that Mr. Wharton could scarcely recollect in him the man upon whose oath poor Ned had been committed. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say, that inquiries had been made, through the active friendship of Mr. Wharton, among the party with whom Ned spent

spent the evening at Marston ; but as none of them recollected where he was at seven o'clock, and as one of them remembered that he had missed him for near an hour at that time, it was not thought of any consequence to compel their attendance.

The prosecutor was desired to tell his story, and he proceeded to give a clear and succinct relation of the transaction, not varying in a tittle from the evidence he had given before Mr. Wharton. The present respectability of his appearance added weight to his testimony ; he stated himself to be clerk to an attorney, and named a gentleman of high character ; nor was there any thing, either in his appearance or manner, that could suggest a doubt of
of

of the truth of what he asserted. Mr. Wharton had been indefatigable during the course of the preceding evening in his inquiries as to this man's character, perfectly persuaded in his own mind, that, if he was not mistaken, he must have wilfully perjured himself; and the servant, whom he had employed in this business, had obtained some intelligence, which Mr. Wharton thought it highly material to communicate to the gentleman who had undertaken Ned's defence.

When the prosecutor had concluded his story, every eye was turned on poor Sanford, in whose countenance was discovered a greater portion of consummate villainy, than an impartial observer would have perceived of ingenuous

genuous candour, which was, indeed, its grand characteristic. The manly firmness, which arose from conscious innocence, they construed into hardened impudence, with which they strangely blended the blush of guilt, for so they termed that burning suffusion, with which the ignominy of his situation had tinged his cheek.

With these prepossessions against the cause he had undertaken to defend, the counsel for the prisoner arose, and began the task of cross-examining the prosecutor, to whom he put some questions, at which, as their evident tendency was to impeach his character, he displayed an honest indignation, which was, in a moment communicated to the audience. This kind of interrogation,

rogation, continued with wonderful acuteness for near twenty minutes, excited loud murmurs among the bystanders; and "is a man to be frightened out of his senses, to be argued out of his reason," was the general cry? It was observable at length, however, that the prosecutor, kept thus long upon the rack, began to flag; he was caught in two or three glaring contradictions: His countenance fell—the muscles of his face began to work, and he was perpetually drawing his handkerchief across his mouth. But when this decent man was asked whether he had not been convicted both of a perjury and felony, the indignation of the audience at such an attack was expressed with so little regard to decency, that the judge was compelled
to

to rebuke them. This restored to the prosecutor his flying spirits, and, upon some observations of the judge to the counsel, on the proof of that fact, he boldly answered, that "he never had, and was shocked at the imputation."

At this moment a note was handed across the court to the prisoner's counsel, who desired, immediately, that the man who sent it might stand forward. This was complied with; a stout dark-looking man, with a coloured silk handkerchief round his neck, advanced, and looked the witness full in the face, who was asked whether he knew him? He turned pale at the sight of him, and denied, faintly, that he had ever seen him before; but, upon being pressed, confessed his knowledge of him.

him. Two other persons were then called, concerning whom he was asked the same question, and he acknowledged that he knew them both. He was now permitted to stand down, but desired not to quit the court. The judge then, in a tone of great mildness and humanity, asked Ned what he had to say for himself? Ned candidly confessed, that he had been at Marston that day; but, with the most solemn asseverations, denied any knowledge of the robbery.

His counsel then told the judge, that he was instructed to call some witnesses, and the three men, who had been confronted with the prosecutor, were sworn, and, under the most solemn admonitions from the judge, they
persisted

persisted in the following story : That they were, the one a turnkey belonging to the prison of Newgate, and the other two officers attending the public office of a justice of peace in London ; that they were bound over to give evidence at those assizes, against a prisoner who had returned from transportation ; that they did not know of the prosecutor's being there till one of them saw him in the street ; that they remembered his having been convicted both of felony and perjury, and one of them endeavoured to recall to the mind of the judge, that he himself had tried him for the first offence, under the name of John Davis : But the most material part of the story in favour of poor Ned, was, the testimony of the turnkey, who swore, that, to his perfect

fect recollection, the prosecutor was confined in Newgate at the time at which he stated this robbery to have been committed, and that he had not been released till near three months afterwards. The prosecutor was then called, and severely questioned by the judge as to the truth of what these men had sworn. He had already acknowledged, (and that he could not retract) that he knew them; harrassed and terrified, he gave up the cause of villainy, and confessed the truth of the whole. He was committed to take his trial for perjury, into the same custody from which poor Ned was released, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, which the authority of the court could not prevent; nor could it stop the showers of money which rained on

the prisoner. Ned bowed to the court and jury, and was leaving the bar, when old Braddyl, whom Ned had not perceived till that moment (for he had arrived late the night before) rushed in, and seizing him in his arms, carried him off. The respectable appearance of this good old man, who was immediately supposed to be Ned's father, interested every person present, and the tears which stole down his sun-burnt cheeks, called forth most plentifully those of the surrounding audience. They a second time threw money into the bar, which, though Ned's pride would not suffer him to stoop for it, the humane gaoler carefully collected for his use.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVIII.

A JOURNEY.

COLONEL Walsingham, tired of his long and fruitless search in the metropolis, resolved to take a journey into Westmoreland, flattering himself, perhaps, that, by a minute examination into the circumstances of poor Betsey's flight on the spot, he might procure better intelligence than Lord Derham had been yet able to obtain. He had no sooner formed this resolution than he put it into execution. He ordered his horses to the door early

the next morning, and left London before one fourth of its inhabitants were awake. The weather was delightful, and he travelled gently on, musing on the fate of this unhappy girl, with which his own seemed so closely interwoven, and prosecuting his inquiries at every place where he judged they might avail him, his design was to make Captain Wharton's his headquarters, and from thence to direct his operations in pursuit of the plan he had now adopted.

He had already been some days on the road, and had arrived at a small town, about thirty miles short of his place of destination, when an old inn, whose windows jutted one over the other, till near the roof they almost reached

reached across the street, and a stupendous branching sign, where, in the center of a curious piece of wrought iron-work, was displayed a monstrous and grim portrait, which (as the artist had, in more legible characters, beneath it, informed the public) was designed to represent the Saracen's-Head, caught his attention. There was something in the snug air of this old mansion, and probably something more in the stomach of Colonel Walsingham, which told him, that he might there meet with a comfortable breakfast; and he did not feel inclined to resist the prospect held out to him on a small board underneath the sign, of good entertainment for himself and his horse.

As he approached the gate he saw the landlord, who was a jolly, gay, well-looking fellow, take leave of a person on horseback, whose figure, though his back was towards him, Walsingham thought he had seen before. This person the landlord shook heartily by the hand, and, after wishing him a thousand good journies, followed him with his eyes as he rode up the street, and shaking his head, significantly, just as Colonel Walsingham came up to him, exclaimed, —

“ Well, if ever God formed a complete scoundrel, you are one.” Walsingham, who was now dismounting, smiled at this exclamation, after the cordial manner, in which this thorough publican had taken leave of the person who was the object of it, and had opened

opened his mouth to say something on the subject to the landlord, who had just perceived him, and was making his best bow, when a noise in the street called their whole attention towards the place whence it proceeded. This noise was occasioned by the rattling of a very light machine, drawn by four blood horses, which, as it had been lately set up in opposition to one of the mail coaches, was travelling almost at speed. The person, who had just left the inn, had now got into a pretty smart canter, when, as he was (instead of watching the road his horse took) staring carelessly at the passengers on the outside of the coach, that the beast came with both his fore-feet into a drain, and threw him with such force over his head, that, though he made

some efforts to rise again, he could not accomplish it. Walsingham, who was witness to this accident, had scarcely time to recover himself from the sudden alarm it gave him when the coach past him, and a new object engaged his attention. A boy on the roof of the machine had turned himself round to watch the sequel of the accident which had happened, whose side face, for he could only see him in profile, struck him as bearing the strongest resemblance to that of Ned Sanford. The velocity, however, with which the coach was then travelling, did not permit him to obtain any great degree of certainty on this head, and he walked towards the poor fellow who had met with this accident, and whom some persons

persons were now conveying towards the inn.

Walsingham asked him, with great tenderness, whether he was much hurt? and if he could be of any service to him? The man, whose countenance was greatly disfigured with blood and dirt (for he had fallen upon his face) fixed his languid eyes full upon him, thanked him, and said, faintly, that he feared his arm was broken, as the horse had struck it in rising.

When Walsingham had seen this poor fellow properly taken care of, and procured the attendance of a surgeon, he began to reflect on the boy, who had caught his attention from the outside of the coach. After a reverie of

some moments he called his servant, and asked him if he had observed the outside passengers on the coach which lately passed them? Yes, your Honor, said the man, I saw poor Burley among them, and glad to see him I was, poor lad! Walsingham immediately questioned him as to his certainty that it was Burley whom he had seen; and upon the man's affirming that he could not be deceived, he ordered his horses out again immediately. It had occurred to him, upon his first planning this journey into Westmoreland, that he might gain something by a conversation with this boy; he therefore determined, if possible, to overtake the coach at the next stage, which, he thought, he should be able to do, as his horses were good, though full
 twenty

twenty minutes had elapsed since it had passed: Without waiting, therefore, for any refreshment, he mounted his horse again to measure back the stage he had rode in the morning. He had not been gone many minutes before the surgeon, who had been sent for, inquired for him. Upon being told that he was gone, he said, lackaday, he was sorry for it; for that the poor man, his patient, in whom there appeared strong symptoms of an approaching fever, which would be attended with extreme danger, had expressed the most earnest desire to speak with him. This poor man's anxiety could not, however, be gratified, as from the pace at which Colonel Walsingham set off, it was judged impossible to overtake him, even had they

been certain as to the road he had taken, which they were not, as in the hurry nobody could recollect seeing him depart.

When Walsingham arrived at the next stage, he had the mortification to find that the coach had just changed horses, and was gone forward. Harassed, vexed and disappointed, he dismounted, and more to rest his horses than refresh himself, for he found his appetite a good deal decreased, he ordered breakfast. He lounged away two hours at this inn, and then set out again, determined to make a long stage to dinner, and to reach his friends in the evening. In going through the town, in which the accident had happened in the morning, he stopped at

the inn door to inquire after the invalid. He saw no person but an hostler, who was munching some bread and cheese at the door, for the family were at dinner in a back room. The hostler in answer to his inquiries, told him, that the man was a bed and asleep, and better, and Walsingham rode on. When the hostler had washed down his bread and cheese with a draught of ale, he walked coolly into the kitchen, and said—"Master, the gentleman who was here this morning, stopped to ask how the poor man above was, and I told him."—"What?" said his master, with impatience.—"That he was better," returned the hostler.—"Why, you stupid dog," said the master, "that was the very gentlemen he wanted so much to speak to this morning."—

"So

"So it was, to be sure," said the hostler; "and hang me if I did not think I had something to say to him when I talked to him, and I could not for the life of me tell what it was."

The master then ran to the door to look about him; but Walsingham had been long out of sight, and he did not feel enough interested in the business to send after him; but comforted himself from his riding twice through the town in one day, that he did not probably reside above four or five miles off, so that they should certainly see him again soon.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIX.

COL. Walsingham arrived in the evening at Capt. Wharton's, and was received with the most unfeigned cordiality by that gentleman and his amiable wife. Wharton was but just returned from the assizes, and informed Walsingham of his friend Ned's very honourable acquittal. The motive of the bare-faced perjury, which tended to take away the life of this poor lad, appeared to both these gentlemen to have been the reward of forty pounds; but what induced the villain who committed it to fix particularly on a poor obscure

obscure lad, living at ease in a village in the heart of Westmoreland, puzzled them extremely.

They passed the evening in various conjectures on the subject, but hit on none that was perfectly satisfactory. Wharton said he wished to have examined the boy more closely, as to the mode in which he passed his evening at Marston; but that upon his waiting on him to return him thanks after his acquittal, he was so affected by the warm expression of his gratitude, that he wholly forgot his intention; nor could he think of detaining the boy in town a moment, who seemed eager to be gone, and whom he supposed to have returned with old Braddyl, till Walsingham mentioned his having seen him

him on the roof of a machine. Col. Walsingham prepared on the next day to prosecute his inquiries; his first step was to call at Braddyl's cottage. The good old man was not then returned, but on the succeeding day he saw him.

Braddyl was somewhat surprised on his return at not finding Ned at home, for he had been detained in the assize town by business, and had suffered the lad to gratify his impatience in setting off, as he thought, for Derham immediately. Nothing satisfactory, as to the object of his inquiry, could Col. Walsingham obtain from these poor people, who had been convinced by Capt. Wharton, that the Colonel was perfectly unconcerned in the elopement of their child, but who did nothing but
lament

lament in answer to all his questions : In short, after a fruitless stay of a fortnight in the country, he was forced to set off again for the metropolis without obtaining the least information, which might prove a clue to guide him in his future inquiries. He then bade adieu to his friends, and mounting his horse, put him gently forward towards the London road.

Poor Walsingham was by no means in a gay mood when he set out on this journey. His disappointment in regard to little Betsy now gave way to a subject of grief, to which, indeed, it was more nearly allied than he would suffer himself to believe. In a packet, which he had received from town, he had been informed, that the only news
stirring

stirring in the fashionable world was, that of the approaching nuptials between Sir Harry Sapsworth and Miss Derham, which it was thought would almost immediately take place. Walsingham, by musing long on this subject, had almost reasoned himself into a belief, that it must be immaterial to him when they took place, and that he should be glad to see his cousin well married. When his servant reminded him that the horses might want baiting, he stopped them at a house, which the landlord informed the public, by means of an inscription on his sign, was "The Old New Inn," and, having taken a slight breakfast, proceeded on his journey. The same train of reflections employed his mind for about eighteen miles more, at the end of which he found

found himself in the town where he had witnessed the accident of the poor fellow's fall from his horse, and had distinguished Ned Sanford among the passengers on the roof of the machine. He turned his horse into the gateway of the inn at which he had before stopped, and committing him to the care of a servant, ordered a glass of mountain and a crust of bread. He threw himself into an elbow chair, and, with a mind harrassed at once by intense occupation on the same object for so long a time, and by a certain degree of bodily fatigue, which always contributes to render it indolent, was indulging in a kind of idle vacuity, when my landlord entered with the refreshment he had ordered. After two or three preliminary bows and welcomes, he

he observed, that he thought he knew his Honour again ; that a sad accident had happened the last time he had seen his Honour.

“ Aye, true,” said Walsingham ;
“ pray how does the poor fellow do ?”
“ Why, Sir, he was deadly bad at first,” answered my landlord, “ and the doctor thought he would have died ; and told him to be sure, that, if the fever came on, he must prepare for his end, and the poor fellow took on piteously, and desired, of all things in the world, to speak with you, Sir.”—
“ With me !” exclaimed Walsingham.”—“ Yes, Sir, no doubt, to thank you for all favours ; but you was gone, Sir, and to be sure, Sir, I sent after you, high and low, and my stupid fellow

fellow of an hostler : I was ready to beat his brains out."—"There was no occasion for all this," said Walsingham ; "if the poor fellow only wanted to return me thanks, for I do not recollect that I was more intitled to them than any body else about him."—"Why, Sir, to be sure, Sir, a poor man dies easier for having said his say, as the saying is—and yet, to my mind, he did want to thank you, to be sure, Sir ; no doubt you deserved it, Sir ; and yet I could not help thinking something hung on his mind which he wanted to give up ; he did take on so deadly, to be sure, when you could not be found, and said, says he, I shall die a miserable wretch, if I cannot open my mind to that gentleman."—"Why, then, he certainly wanted more than
to

to return me thanks."—"Why, so I thought to myself, Sir. Yes, yes, that struck me; upon which, says I to him, how do you feel yourself? The Lord have mercy upon me," said he! "If you want to open your mind," said I, "had not you better send for the parson?"—"I have been a great sinner," said he.—"So you have, to be sure, Jem Black," said I. — "Black! Black!" said Walsingham, "I have heard that name before; you knew him, then, landlord?"—"Knew him, aye, aye, I knew him," said the landlord, shaking his head.—"Oh! I recollect now," said Walsingham, "some expressions of yours, as he rode off that very day."—"Between you and I, Sir, I do not know a bigger villain under the sun!"—"You seem to have

a pleasant acquaintance, landlord." —

The landlord now perceived his error, and not willing to boast much of his intimacy with the biggest villain under the sun, drew in his horns a little.

"I have no great knowledge of him," said he; "but I know enough to know that."—"What line of life is he in?" said Walsingham.—"Lord bless you," said the landlord, "he has been every thing—sometimes a gentleman, with his high phaeton and his girl, and sometimes without a tester to bless himself with! I have known him a bailiff's follower. He has been two or three times a bankrupt, though he was never in trade in his life. He has been a money lender, without possessing a penny in the world! Has practised

practised as a lawyer, and kept an EO table; and yet the fellow is so ignorant in every thing but villainy, that he cannot write his own name! He has been quite broken down lately, and has taken to gentlemen's service!"

"You seem to know something of him, however," said Walsingham; pray whom does he live with now?" —

"Why, Sir," said the landlord, "he did live with a Mr. O'Farrel, a gentleman who plays; he suspected him of fingering the cash a little—turned him off—stopped his wages—and swore the devil of any thing would he give him but a character. He then got into Sir Harry Sapsworth's service, with whom, I believe, he lives still."

"Sir Harry Sapsworth!" said Wal-

fingham. A thousand ideas crowded into his brain at once, and, after a short pause, "let me see this man immediately," said he.—"Lord, Sir," said the landlord, "he is gone away." "Gone away already, with a broken arm!" said Walsingham.—"Sir," said the landlord, "he had no fever, as the doctor expected, and was getting better. As he found himself mending, he grew very impatient at his accident, which, he said, had delayed some very important business, and sent two or three expresses, which I found were all delivered to our county gaol, and the day that he left us a letter was delivered to him; upon receiving which, he said he must set off immediately, and sent for the doctor, that
he

he might make up his arm as well as he could for travelling. We attempted to persuade him to stay till he was better, but all in vain; off he went in a post-chaise."—"I wish to heaven I had seen him before he went," said Walsingham.—"Why, to tell you the truth, Sir," said the landlord, "I was almost as curious as you about it, and when he told me to put his spurs up in paper. I caught hold of the letter he had just received, and which lay on the table, and certainly did tear half off, which I clapped into my pocket while I wrapped the spurs in the other half; but I cannot make much out of it: You may see it, however, Sir, if you please; I have got it in my bureau." Walsingham expressed a strong

desire to read it, upon which the landlord brought him a letter, which had been crumpled together to put in his pocket, and was so torn, that Walsingham could barely make out what follows : —

“ You know you promised to be with me at the time of the trial, in case any accident should happen : It may be true what you give a reason for not coming before ; however, it is in my anger at finding myself so completely done. I said some things which will make it necessary for you to be out of the way. This was a bad scheme of yours ; even forty pounds added to all you can give me would have been a poor compensation, for the risk now I must off to Botany.”

The

The subscription to this epistle, which still remained at the bottom, was —

J. DAVIS.

This letter, added to Walsingham's perplexity; strange thoughts obtruded themselves on his mind; he ordered his horses directly, and pursued his journey to town.

L3

CHAP.

C H A P. XX.

A SCENE AT RANELAGH.

THE preparations for the marriage of Sir Harry Sapsworth and Miss Derham were now in great forwardness. Sir Harry's horses were seen parading every day in the new square of Lincoln's Inn, during those long hours in which their master was endeavouring in vain to propitiate the priests of the goddess Delay, who sits enthroned there, and receives eternal incense from the chambers around. Miss Derham was more in public than usual, and always escorted by Sir Harry:

Harry : In short, the approaching union was the topic of common discourse, and seemed to wait for nothing but the consent of the lawyers.

It was now the time of the year when the metropolis is in its utmost splendor : It wanted but three weeks of the birth-day, and every person who wished to mix with the fashionable world, flocked to Ranelagh. It was on one of those nights, when the coaches, which were conveying people to this place of polite resort, formed a complete line from the turnpike-gate at Hyde-Park Corner to the very doors of Ranelagh, that a fellow, who drove a hackney-coach, through a mistaken policy, forfook the line, and passing many coaches that had preserved their

station, found himself completely shut out at the end of the avenue, which leads down to the house from the high road. Vexed at the detection of his own folly, and probably warm with liquor, he made several attempts as furious as the miserable state of his horses would permit them to be, to break in upon the line. At length, in a very unequal contest, with a splendid carriage drawn by a pair of young high-spirited horses, the hackney coach lost one of the fore-wheels; the coachman was thrown from the box, and the carriage resting on the disabled axletree, was left in such a situation, that it was evident the slightest degree of force beyond that which had been exerted, must have thrown it flat on the side. The coach, in the contest
with

with which this mischief had happened, belonged to Sir Harry Sapsworth, who was then in it with Miss Derham and another Lady. The crash of the hackney-man's wheel was accompanied by a loud shriek in a female voice.

Miss Derham insisted that the two servants who were behind the coach should alight to lend what assistance they could to the persons who had experienced the accident. This was instantly complied with, and their carriage passed on. The shrieks from the fallen carriage had been several times repeated in a tone of extreme terror. They made an impression on Miss Derham's ear, which at first she was at a loss to account for. At length she suddenly exclaimed, "Good heavens!

sure I know that voice ! It is certainly little Betsy's ! Do, Sir, satisfy my curiosity." She could not finish her sentence before Sir Harry had opened the door, and sprung out. He returned in a few minutes, with a countenance which seemed to shew how much he anticipated the disappointment with which Miss Derham would be affected at the news he had to tell. He had seen and spoken with the Ladies, for there were two of them, but neither bore the least resemblance to the poor little lost sheep. After waiting a considerable time from the throng of carriages, they alighted at Ranelagh. The very striking gaiety of the rotunda, particularly on a brilliant and crowded night, by degrees dissipated those melancholy thoughts with which the idea

of

of her poor little protégé, however roused, never failed to impress the mind of Miss Derham; and she listened with her usual complacency to the chat of the day, with which Sir Harry thought it his duty to entertain her; a duty, the fatigue attending which he was the better enabled to support, by reflecting that it could not last long.

After crowding for some time thro' this fashionable throng, Miss Derham, who felt herself fatigued, was fortunate enough to procure a seat for herself, and another for her friend. They had been for some time seated, and Sir Harry was standing by them employed in a deep discussion of the comparative merits of two famous Opera singers—when Miss Derham suddenly exclaimed,

L 6

“Surely

" Surely I am doomed to be the sport of delusion this whole night. I just now fancied that I heard Betsy's voice, and I declare I could have sworn that she passed us this very instant ! Do, Sir Harry, look at that elegant young girl with a kind of blue sash, whose back is towards us."

Sir Harry turned round—" Which ! which ! — where ! where ! — I do not see ! — Oh ! what that — that girl ! — Oh ! I see, in the sash ! My dear Miss Derham, what have you got into your head ? No more like her than — what were we talking about — oh ! true, the Opera." — Sir Harry had now got into the front of the Ladies, and the conversation was resumed ; but the thread had been broken, and it was resumed
by

by fits and starts, as it is commonly termed, by Sir Harry, who was every moment looking round at the company, till Miss Derham again interrupted him: "There is the very girl again! it is certainly." —

"Where! where!" said Sir Harry. "Just behind you," resumed Miss Derham; "there! there! I declare you have put yourself just in the way! There, to your right. Now you are exactly in the way again; was ever man so awkward. There," said Miss Derham, "I see her now! I declare we will follow her." She now arose. Sir Harry took her by both hands, and placed her gently in her seat again.— "I see whom you mean now," said he, "and I will soon gain intelligence who

who she is. I shall find you here when I return." He followed the young Lady who had been pointed out to him, and returned in about five minutes. "You are certainly out of luck in all your hits to night," said he; "I have seen the girl you mean: I know her by sight; she is a young woman of some fashion, and confess there is a trifling likeness; but, I assure you, it is not your little friend."—"It does not signify," said Miss Derham; "I am determined to walk and meet her." At these words she was attempting to rise again. Sir Harry laid hold on her hand, "that you will not do this evening."—"Why not?"—"She has left the room. I saw her go out myself. Depend upon it you are mistaken; besides, how should the girl
you

you think of come here ?" When they had sat for some little time longer, Miss Derham and her companion arose to walk. After walking for about half an hour, Miss Derham proposed retiring. They sauntered towards the door, and were just going out, when they were accosted by a party of Sir Harry's acquaintance, who were drinking tea in the box next the door. Miss Derham had before complained, that, from the fullness of the night, there was no chance of procuring any tea; and she now whispered Sir Harry her wish to obtain a single cup. Room was made for this additional party, and fresh tea had just been ordered, when Miss Derham, casting her eyes towards the door, thought she beheld the same girl, who had been the object

of

of her attention twice before in the course of the evening, go out with her companion.

"You are certainly mistaken, Sir Harry," said she, "for the girl I mean is but this instant quitting the room."

As she said this she rose from her seat.

"My dear Miss Derham," said Sir Harry, rising, and getting in front of her, "what time of the moon is it? You certainly feel its influence." —

Miss Derham paid little attention to this folly, but arose in spite of Sir Harry's attempts to detain her. The passage, however, was extremely crowded, and she had completely lost sight of the object of her search. As soon as she could, with any regard to decency do it, she again proposed going home;

home; and, taking leave of the party, hurried along the passage, in hopes that she might regain the sight of this Lady in one of the outward rooms. In this, however, she was again disappointed, and she returned home fatigued and vexed: Nor could all Sir Harry's efforts engage her in any conversation. When she retired to bed, the circumstances of the evening kept her long awake, and, upon comparing them with each other, they produced in her mind suspicions by no means favourable to the worthy Baronet, with whom she was destined to be so speedily united.

C H A P. XXI.A DIFFERENT SCENE AT THE SAME
PLACE.

THE more Miss Derham reflected on the circumstances which had taken place on this evening, and the more she combined them in her mind, the less inclined did she find herself to doubt the evidence of her eyes and ears, or to reject some novel ideas, with which the conduct of Sir Harry began to impress her. Her behaviour to him during the course of the next day, bore in it evident marks of a
coolness

coolness sometimes bordering upon disgust, and before night she had come to a resolution, at all events, to delay her union with him till her suspicions had subsided; determined, if no circumstance should occur, which might effectually erase them from her mind, rather to undergo the loss of any portion of her fortune, and even to dare the censure of the world, than unite herself for life with a man of abandoned principles. It cannot, perhaps, fairly be concealed here, that the sight of Colonel Walsingham on the preceding evening, and the delicacy of his conduct, which could not be lost on a mind framed like Miss Derham's, might have some little share in forming this resolution.

About

About ten minutes before she left Ranelagh she saw her cousin enter. The emotion of his countenance when their eyes met, which communicated itself to the gentle heart of Miss Derham, gave him infinite credit with her for the rest of his behaviour, which, perhaps, had not the cause of it been so unequivocally expressed, might have hurt and offended her. His eyes had no sooner encountered the face of his cousin than he hastily withdrew them, before he thought he was perceived, and she was once or twice, during the short period of her remaining there, a witness of the caution with which he avoided meeting her.

After her departure, Walsingham lounged in the room, occupied by his
own

own thoughts, till it became very late ; he then fauntered slowly out to find his carriage, and return home. The night was dark, and inclined to rain. The outward rooms were occupied but by a few people, who had remained later than the rest, and were waiting for their carriages.

Colonel Walsingham looked out, but could not see his servants. As he was more inclined to musing than to sleeping, he was in no hurry to return home : He leaned himself, therefore, very contentedly against the door-post of the room, and resigned himself to meditation on the subject, which was then uppermost in his mind, and was wholly occupied by the image of his too lovely cousin, when he was aroused from

from his reverie by a dialogue between two females, who were seated on the end of the bench nearest to the door against which he leaned ; many of the lamps had now expired ; the door-way, in which Walsingham stood, was dark, and he leaned his back against that side which was at a right angle with the seat on which these Ladies sat, they could not therefore see him, nor could he perceive them without putting his head forward within the room. This, upon first hearing the voices he did, but perceiving they were muffled up, on account of the coldness of the night, so that he could not at all discern their faces, he withdrew his head probably unperceived, as the dialogue, or rather monologue, for one Lady only answered by her sighs, was continued
in

in nearly the following style, in a bold masculine voice, and a delivery which Walsingham, perhaps, rashly judged to have been influenced by liquor, for the place and the dress of the Lady certainly rendered this highly improbable; it is unhappily true, however, that they did not render it impossible.

“ I like Sir Harry and his airs. Pray who is Sir Harry ?” Sir Harry Sapsworth, to be sure ! a Baronet, indeed ! a pretty puppy to control me, to tell me where I am to go, and where I am to come ! I will let him know I have had Lords and Dukes too who dared not do so much. A paltry puppy of a Baronet ! It was extremely imprudent ! and you had better go home ! and then again, you

should not have come in, and I insist—yes—I insist upon your going home. Insist! insist upon it! Ah! Sir Harry, Sir Harry, you little know me; if you think that will do with me!” — “How shall we get home?” said the other, in a low, faint, and tremulous voice. The Lady went on—“Not go to Ranelagh! he be hanged, with his nonsensical jealousies and fears; if he could not confide in my conduct, why did he trust me with you? But you must not go out of the house, and this, that and t’other; it is all ridiculous nonsense, and I will teach his Baronetship so.”

The name of Sir Harry Sapsworth rendered Colonel Walsingham extremely

tremely attentive to the harangue of this Lady. His curiosity was awakened, and before she came to the conclusion of it, he determined to offer them his carriage home. He stepped to the outside of the door to inquire after it, and there luckily saw his servant, a boy, whom he had lately taken, who was unused to the town, and probably did not know where to look for his master. He ordered the carriage to be brought up immediately, and returned to offer it to the Ladies. He was just going to accost them when a man entered the room, and walking hastily up to them, exclaimed, in a tone of impatience, "Good God! what can you do here? Who would have thought of finding you in this place?" "Well!" exclaimed the Lady, who

VOL. I. M had

had talked so long before ; but he would not suffer her to finish her sentence.—“ Do not talk,” said he, “ but come along ; I have brought a coach with me.”

He then took the Lady under his left arm, for the right he was compelled, from some accident, to wear in a sling, and the Lady, who had been silent, taking the arm of her companion, they left the room. Walsingham, thus disappointed in the hope he had entertained of gratifying his curiosity, was going to follow them to their coach ; but reflected, that by so doing he should probably miss his own servants, whom he expected every moment, and by that means put it out of his power to pursue the carriage, which

which conveyed these people to the place of their destination, which he determined to order his own coachman to do, if possible. He watched them with his eyes as far as he could towards their carriage; but lost sight of them soon from the darkness of the night amid the servants and remaining carriages. He now grew extremely impatient for his carriage, and perceiving, after waiting in a kind of agony for two or three minutes no appearance of it, he sallied out after it; after a search of some minutes he found it in the custody of a constable, who was holding the horses; he inquired hastily after his servants.

“ Sir,” said the constable, “ if this carriage belongs to you, I sent your

M 2

boy

boy near five minutes ago to tell you that your coachman was not in the way; he went off about ten minutes since in company with another coachman, to drink a pint I believe, and left the carriage in my care."

While they were talking Colonel Walsingham's coachman returned, according to the common phrase, above half seas over; but they waited in vain for the boy. Walsingham, after waiting, sent every where about to seek for this lad, whom he taxed the coachman with having seduced to drink. This, however, the fellow stiffly denied. At length, after a fruitless search, Walsingham was compelled to return without him. He concluded, that if no
accident

accident had happened to the boy, and he could not imagine any which he should not have heard of, he should find him at home upon awaking in the morning ; but he was extremely vexed at being compelled, through such a train of untoward circumstances, to give up the prosecution of a discovery in which he might himself be materially interested.

C H A P. XXII.SKETCH OF A YOUNG MAN OF SOME
FASHION.

COL. Walsingham, who did not get to sleep till late, was not up when a friend, who had promised to breakfast with him, arrived. This gentleman, who was a young man of considerable family and fashion, was in the guards, and had just come off the fag (as he termed it) of a field-day in Hyde-Park. He soon roused his friend, and obtained his breakfast, for which his morning's work had procured him a pretty good appetite.

The

The conversation rolled on the common topics for some time, till it turned, (as is always the case between men who are not of an advanced age) on women. This was a subject particularly grateful to Walsingham's friend, whose person and face were remarkably handsome, and who had, among many good qualities, the weakness to be very vain of them. After running over a vast many women of fashion, and attributing to most of them attachments which they never dreamed of, foibles which they never felt, and construing their most simple looks and words as expressive of ideas as strange to their minds probably as he was, whom he hinted at as the frequent object of all these, he proceeded to talk of women of an inferior style. Walsingham, who

was extremely good-natured, though he was but little entertained by these fallies, did not feel himself inclined to repress them harshly, for he knew the heart whence they proceeded to be void of malevolence, and, ever glowing with indignation at the contemptible villainy of flandering a woman; in short, in these little ebullitions of vain glory, he was but complying with a contemptible folly of the present day. It was the wisdom of our ancestors to veil, as well as they could, all the glaring features of vanity, conscious that however we doat on her ourselves, her mien is disgusting to all others.

It was formerly almost an axiom, that a man who talked of fighting would never fight. During the last war it was

was as much the fashion to talk as to fight, and yet it was never the fashion to fight better. Walsingham, however patiently he listened, was not sorry to find the conversation turned, and his attention somewhat interested by the beginning of a story which his friend had fallen into ; but threatened to conclude hastily, by exclaiming, " But why the devil, Sydney, should I bore you with a long tale of what happened to me, though I confess I am proud of what I did in the business."—" You will not bore me," said Walsingham ; " on the contrary, I feel interested in it, and, indeed, if I did not, I should pay you no great compliment in listening to it at present ; for, to tell you the truth, I am extremely indolent this morning, and I feel my mind inclining to

to some certain thoughts which it had much better be without. Mr. Seymour's tale (for that was the name of this gentleman) was nearly as follows :

I know, Sydney, you will call me a coxcomb, and, perhaps, I shall run the risk of being laughed at as a credulous fool in the progress of the story I am about to tell. No matter ; I really feel, myself, that I have some merit in what I did.

One morning, about four or five days ago, as I was upon the lounge, I strolled in to have some chat with mother Martin. I do not know whether you are particularly acquainted with Martin ; you certainly, however, know her by character ; she was kept by the
father

father of the present Lord — : Under his wing she grew into fashion ; her doors are now only open to some of us ; in short, she is in a superior style, and, among other good qualities, certainly gives the best dinners and wine of any woman in London. I was shewn into a back parlour, and told that she would wait on me in a few minutes. I seated myself opposite to the door which the fellow had neglected to shut. When I heard the step of some female, who was quitting the front parlour, curiosity induced me to rise and walk towards the door ; and I had but just reached it, when the most lovely young girl, I think, I ever saw, passed by me to go up stairs. I was immediately admitted into the front room, and occupied the seat she had
quitted.

quitted. I was no sooner seated than I launched out in praise of this girl. —

“ You saw her then, my young gentleman ?” said Martin. — “ That is more than I intended, I promise you.”

“ What the deuce,” said I, “ do you do with so lovely a young creature concealed in your house ? You are not famous for hiding any thing good that belongs to you.” — “ Where did she pick up that look of innocence ? Not here, I will swear.” — “ Do not be impudent, Seymour.” — “ Upon my soul, she has the countenance of virtue and innocence itself.” — “ And her countenance does not belye her.” — “ Gently, if you please, Mrs. Martin ; that is rather too much.” — “ You may believe me, if you please ; but may I never live to quit this sofa, if I do not believe

believe her to be as modest and virtuous a girl as any in this kingdom." —
" Then what the devil does she do here ?"—" That is another question, my noble Captain."

She then, after some little hesitation, told me, that a man of rank and fashion had placed her in her house, with the laudible intention of seducing her ; but that so far from prevailing, he had incurred her abhorrence, and that she now scarcely ever spoke to him. I did not give much credit to this fine story. I asked to see this girl. On this request she put an absolute negative. I then threw my purse to her, which was pretty heavy. She threw it back again. This kind of repulse heightened my curiosity to see this uncomeatable

comeatable creature. I had now but one thing left for it. I knew that Martin loved wine. I complained of being hungry—made her order a Sandwich, and a bottle of Madeira, we chatted over our repast for some time, during which I took care to ply my Lady. When I found her in proper cue, I renewed the subject, and again threw her my purse. She began to relax.—“ Upon my soul, Harry, you are a handsome fellow, and if the girl should fall in love with you, we might make something of her ; but suppose the man, who has intrusted her to my care, should find it out ? ” — “ She never speaks to him, you know : ” — “ Well, will you dine with us ? But if he should return ? ” — “ You know you just told me that he is to dine to-day

day with the woman he is going to be married to, and will be nailed there for the whole evening."—"Well, come at five."

You may be sure I did not neglect to go. When I arrived I found this lovely girl with Mrs. Martin in the dining-room. I never beheld a young creature half so beautiful, yet, though there was something extremely interesting in her manners, I could not help perceiving a certain restraint about her, which convinced me that she was unused to company, and led me to conclude, that her circumscribed situation in life had exposed her to those temptations under which, I had no doubt, she had fallen.

Let me pass over my own conduct as quickly as I can ; a conduct, which, though I afterwards strove to make some reparation for, it never recurs to my remembrance without many painful sensations. I had made warm love to her all dinner time, at which she had only looked grave. When the cloth had been some time removed, Mrs. Martin (I believe purposely) left the room. My senses, inflamed by the sight of this lovely girl, and the wine I had drank, I proceeded to some liberties, at which her modesty took an immediate alarm. I did not, however, readily desist at an opposition which, notwithstanding what mother Martin had said, I was persuaded, from her situation in that house, must be affected. She sprung from me towards
the

the door which I bolted. She struggled still to get out, and shrieked violently ; but when she found that her cries brought nobody to her assistance, she seemed extremely terrified. She grew pale as ashes, and looked wildly about the room. She sprung a second time from my arms, and ran towards the window, but I caught her before she could reach it.

When she found herself again in my power, she sunk, almost breathless with terror, on her knees.—“ Oh ! Sir,” said she, in a voice scarcely articulate, “ pity, pity me ; if you are a gentleman, do not ruin a poor helpless girl !” I felt extremely shocked at this appeal ; it recalled me to myself : I raised her gently, and, leading her towards a sofa

in the room, I placed her on it, and begged her, in the mildest tone I could assume, not to be alarmed. The moment she recovered her voice, she exclaimed—"Oh! my poor father and mother!" and burst into tears.—"My sweet girl!" said I, "do not be alarmed; upon my honour, you are safe from any farther insult, and I detest myself as the author of those you have already suffered. You have not in your company a man of abandoned character; little as I have to commend in myself, I abhor the seduction of innocence." — "But, my dear girl," continued I, "why, for heaven's sake! do you continue in a situation so dangerous, if you really have that regard for virtue, which I am willing to believe you have?" — "Ah, Sir!" said she,

she, "it is not with my own inclination that I am here. I am a prisoner in this house; every step I take is watched, otherwise, ignorant as I am of this town and its inhabitants, I should rather trust myself to fortune in the streets of it, than remain here." Here she wept again; her situation touched me.—"If," said I, "you will tell me your story truly, it may be in my power to assist you; and I shall be happy to repair my ill-conduct towards you, by serving you to the utmost of my ability."

This she readily promised to comply with: I then forced half a glass of wine upon her to recruit her spirits, bolted the door, and made her adjust her dress, which was somewhat disordered,

dered, by the glass. When Mrs. Martin returned, I took her aside. I told her that I had had the strongest proof that what she had said concerning this girl was true, for my efforts had been without success; but as I flattered myself that I had made some impression on her heart, which I wished to improve, I begged she would let us drink tea tête-à-tête. This she consented to, and when we were seated at the tea table, my young friend began her story.

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

